

ALSO:

Enroute
Short Story
by Lloyd Zimpel

Recommended Legislation

Center Of Chamber Music Moves to Midwest by Sandor Kallai

Book Reviews

by Ralph Mills and

Irving Dilliard

The Dust Bowl Years
by William Stafford

For The Consumer

The Arts:

Music Notes, Drama and Opera News

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The New St. Louis And The

Philadelphia Renaissance by Charles T. Henry

Forecast For Illinois Communities

by Anthony Downs

C. P. Snow Domesticated?

by Merle Kling

OUT OF FOCUS

(Readers are invited to submit items for publication, indicating whether the sender can be identified. Items must be fully documented and not require any comment.)

The trustees of Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill., voted not to renew the contract of John W. Letson, professor of religion, when it expires next June. The professor, a Quaker, had picketed in downtown Lincoln in protest against the U. S. Naval quarantine. (Four other professors at the college resigned in sympathy with Letson.)

Following a horrendous rape case in St. Louis, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat asks editorially: "Those who urge the abolition of the death penalty we ask in all candour, what penalty other than the threat of death can possibly deter anyone who would commit such a horrible, cold-blooded crime as this." Dear Editor: The rapist you discuss was not deterred, was he?

Discussing political endorsements in Chicago, John Dreiske writes in the $Chicago\ Sun\text{-}Times$: "But, of course, that's exactly what politics as practiced 'purely,' is — a put-up job. It is opportunism and expediency." Dreiske is a "political" columnist.

The only issue which determines whether a candidate will be endorsed by the Citizens for Educational Freedom, headquartered in St. Louis, is his stand on aid to private schools. No other qualifications are considered.

In Chicago, Kemper Insurance Co. asked that its commercials be dropped from "ABC Evening Report" because of ABC-TV's political obituary telecast on Richard Nixon, November 11, featuring Alger Hiss, among many others. . . . The Illinois state senate adopted a resolution November 15, which demanded that ABC apologize for its Nixon broadcast . . . Byron B. Gentry, commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S., delivered a "sharp protest" from VFW headquarters in Kansas City, Mo., to ABC for its substitution of the Nixon program for the special Veterans' Day program originally scheduled.

Not long ago an elabroate wedding was staged in one of St. Louis' foremost churches whose major congregation is composed of white people. The decorations, music, bridesmaids and other attendents together with the intoned ceremony itself were beautiful and correct to finit detail. The only thing missing was a marriage license — this because the groom was white and the bride a Negro. Under Missouri law, no such license can be issued. Earlier, the couple had quietly married in Illinois. But because of the prominence of the bride, nuptials were held for the benefit of their many relatives, friends and well-wishers. Integration covered the entire assmeblage including the bridal party and the congregation all being quite pleased with the proceedings, those who knew what was happening as well as those who didn't.

A home-made bomb consisting of a half-gallon glass container filled with gasoline into which a lighted wick had been inserted was thrown against the newly-acquired property of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carter near Raytown, Missouri, about seven miles from Kansas City. The bomb was thrown three days after they took possession of the property. Yes, they are Negroes.

A Baltimore, Maryland City Court has upheld the Taxi-cab Bureau's refusal to issue a taxi operator's permit to A. Robert Kaufman, head of the local branch of the Young Socialist Alliance, because a "taxicab operator makes contacts and . . . in view of (Kaufman's) . . . inclination to circulate his beliefs among others, the taxicab supervisor had a right to consider these factors in passing on this application."

Still serving: Clyde Kennard, a Negro student, was sent to prison for seven years for stealing chicken feed a few months after he tried to enroll at the University of Southern Mississippi in Jackson.

The government of South Viet Nam views typewriters as weapons of war (for propaganda) and now they must be registered with the provincial security service in the coastal town of Phan Thiet, the same as firearms.

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Letters

F/M: . . . I want to congratulate you on the fine job you are doing with FOCUS/Midwest.

Raymond R. Tucker Mayor City of Saint Louis

F/M: . . . I have been reading all the issues of this interesting and commanding magazine. I find it very stimulating.

H. Roe BartleMayorKansas City, Missouri

F/M: . . . I am greatly impressed with the clarity and excellence of this magazine and will look forward to each month's publication with great anticipation.

Allen O. Miller Department of Philosophy Eden Theological Seminary

F/M: . . . thank you also for sending me a file of your magazine. I read most of it and I want to congratulate you on what you are doing.

Francis Brown Editor New York Times Book Review

A Presence in the Room

F/M: Thoroughly enjoyed Mark Perlberg's perceptive article on the painting of Garfield Seibert. . .

Mack Gilman, Director Gilman Galleries Chicago

ANNOUNCING "A SERIES ON CIVIL LIBERTIES IN ILLINOIS"

The background, development, and present status of civil liberties in the state of Illinois will be discussed in future issues in a series of articles by

Donald Meikle John Byron S. Miller Abner J. Mikva N. L. Nathanson Alexander Polikoff

The series will cover, among others: censorship in the arts, freedom of speech, academic freedom, religion in the public schools, and constitutional rights of criminal defendants.

On Occasion of the Emancipation Proclamation

F/M: Next to the Holy Bible, the "democratic ideals" and "Christian principles" are best stated in the preamble to our own great Declaration of Independence, and proposed therein for the basis of civil government.

It was a repudiation of the democratic ideals of their federal union when some of the states "legalized" traffic in human bondage, thereby depriving men of their inalienable rights of liberty and of any voice in their government. And it was in contradiction to every principle of Christianity when the white man invaded the nations of the black man to put him under servitude in their own homeland, and kidnapped them by the thousands.

The victory of the Union armies over the rebelling Confederacy should have forever set at nought any idea that any state of the Union had any right to destroy that union by interposition of its own authority over that of the federation of states. President Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation" should have forever put an end to human slavery within our Union. And the amendment to our federal constitution should have forever secured to the emancipated slaves all the rights to a first-class citizenship.

It should have, yes. But the rebellion has continued right down to the present time: And in the month of September and year of our Lord 1962 blood again flowed and the civil(?) war threatened to break out all over again down in ole Mississippi.

Through denial of his civil rights and of economic or educational opportunities, through every conceivable form of intimidations, lynchings, mob violence, Ku Klux Klans, the burning of crosses, burning and bombing of homes, churches and schools, and conspiracies of White Citizen Councils, they have tried to terrorize the Negro into submission and economic bondage that in a great many cases were more cruel than his former state. And when he has fled from economic

servitude of the South to the purported freedom and opportunities of the North, he has generally been herded into the slums and ghettos of its big cities and has failed to find the opportunities of a first-class citizenship.

If the white man had been held to account in courts of justice for all the crimes he has committed against the black man, they would have been hanged by the thousands.

The "Poor White Trash" of our nation, whose minds are deranged with racial prejudices and whose hearts are poisoned with racial hatreds must inevitably concede the fact that men of the colored races, who by the way are predominant in the world, are "made of the one blood" as themselves, and that in rebelling against granting to our Negro citizens all the civil rights and all of the social and economic opportunities which they themselves enjoy, they are rebelling against the democratic ideals and constitutional provisions of our nation, and against the Christian principles of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

> Eld. L. P. Lockhart, Pastor, Mt. Nebo Primitive Baptist Church, Greenville, Illinois.

Opera News

F/M: At the not insubstantial risk of agreeing with the cheery and knowledgeable Mr. Corn, I should like to publicly state that his views on the need for new traditions in opera, have always been my views. Perhaps the editor's blue pencil or the somewhat fuzzy final statement in my Post-Dispatch piece on Chicago opera, gave Mr. Corn the handle for his hook. But since he well knows, from even a "live" discussion preceding the writing of his column by one week, that my favorite opera composers are Mozart, Verdi, and Berg, and not those "pap" producers of "grand opera in the grand manner," Mr. Corn's dispute with me is purely provacative and subsequently factiti-

Elizabeth Gentry

T RADITION-bound as we are, we want to start the new year by expressing our gratitude and good wishes to the subscribers, the coworkers, and the co-planners who help create FOCUS/Midwest month by month.

We are tempted to share with you our future plans. But since there are too many prerequisites before we can dust off our blueprints, we will keep them rolled up for a

bit longer.

HE formation of the "Associates of FOCUS/Midwest" opens a new chapter for this magazine. While many individuals have been of concrete and decisive assistance in establishing FOCUS/Midwest, public participation has been limited. Aware of the obvious difficulties we face, a number of distinguished persons have formed the "Associates." We are honored that so many are joining in this effort. They believe that the free play of ideas must be nourished, it does not grow by itself. Their interest testifies to the vigor of the cultural and intellectual minority in our society. In the coming issues we plan to publish more information about the Associates, who they are, and what they have accomplished.

W E are always a bit amused when we hear that non-partisan government is "non-political." We do not understand how any election for any public office can ever be

non-political.

The Citizens Association in Kansas City has been guilty of perpetuating this myth. Public sentiment may have welcomed the "dirty politics" approach, but it carried bitter consequences in its wake. Campaigns were reduced to personal accusations, rather than distinguished by sensible debates on issues (i.e. politics). Everybody wants a "clean and professional" government, but once elected what is the program? And if the Citizens would describe the "what" they will find themselves knee-deep in politics. It is the political arena where they will have to justify their claim for office. It was also an absurdity to contend, as the Citizens did, that the Kansas City Charter rules out parties. The Charter relates only to the administration of the City, not to the conduct of candidates.

City Hall was lost to the Citizens Association in the last election, because its leaders believed in the myth that government can ever be non-political. The Citizens were run by an elite composed of business interests. And, like a business, it was run privately: the public was managed rather than informed and allowed to choose. Typically, during the elec-

tion preceding the one lost to the factions, the City's financial position was misrepresented. Only after the Citizens won, did the administration begin to worry in public about financing.

The Citizens also operated from a too narrow base. There is no evidence of broad participation and representation in its decision making and selection of candidates. The rich diversity of interests in Kansas City found no access to the Citizens — they were pushed into

the opposition.

Yet, we agree with the conclusions of Laurence Whyte's article, "Kansas City Turned Sour," in this issue. While we don't see the alternatives as clearcut as Mr. Whyte, Kansas Citians have no choice but to return the Citizens Association to City Hall. The present council, beset by factional disputes, has no unity, no program, and no principles on which to construct a program. Their one term has been distinguished by ineptitude and woeful inexperience.

Kansas City is faced with many immediate problems. Neither the incumbent council nor the Citizens Association has come forward with any constructive program in these respects and neither has faced up to the fact that the City needs increased revenue, which probably can be obtained from an earnings tax. Both groups seem to be unwilling to take a stand for additional revenues because

of its unpopularity with the voters.

The incumbent Council deserves praise for some accomplishments: the passage of a public accommodations ordinance, another prohibiting panic tactics in real estate sales, the creation of a public authority to manage the hospitals, among others. But these achievements were too isolated to justify a continuation in office.

Right now, it is popular in Kansas City to harangue "political factions." We are not against factions *per se*. This is silly. They are a frequent outgrowth of one-party dominance. Southern states are notorious in this respect. In Kansas City, however, the disruption of political unity has degenerated into destructive intraparty fights for the sole purpose of aggrandizing the power positions of factional leaders.

We are confident that the Citizens have learned from their defeat. Their unchecked governance is over, no matter by how high a majority they might be elected. In a front-page editorial the *Kansas City Star* indicated that it would no longer give automatic endorsement to every Citizens candidate and oppose every non-Citizens candidate including persons obviously qualified and obviously not tied to any factions. They will also remember that "clean and professional" government is essential, but alone will not do.



Imag Dilliand

TRADITION OF BIGOTRY IN THE ILLINOIS BAR

The first issue of FOCUS/Midwest told the sorry story of the rejection by the Illinois Bar of George Anastaplo of St. Louis, Carterville, Ill., and Chicago because this brilliant law graduate is too firmly attached to the basic principles of the Declaration of Independence. That is, he is too firmly attached to that historic charter of American freedom for a majority of the members of the Illinois Bar's Committee on Character and Fitness who passed on his application.

Fortunately, there are indications that not all members of the legal profession in Illinois are happy with the rejection of George Anastaplo. Indeed it is becoming evident that many who have read the strong dissenting opinion of the late Chief Justice Bristow in the 4-to-3 decision against Anastaplo in the Illinois Supreme Court realize that a grievous injustice was done "this fine young American" to quote Justice Bristow.

Many Illinois lawyers have now read the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Warren and Justices Black, Douglas and Brennan in the similar 5-to-4 decision in the United States Supreme Court. Reflecting on the Supreme Court's stirring dissent against conformity that would put all lawyers through the same degrading mold, these thoughtful members of the Illinois Bar are asking themselves: what, even at this late date, can be done about the Anastaplo case?

Two of the five Justices who decided against George Anastaplo — Justices Frankfurter and Whittaker — are no longer on the Supreme Court. And although it is possible that their successors, Justices Goldberg and White, might have voted the same way, it is also possible, and perhaps probable, that they would not have voted as Frankfurter and Whittaker did.

In short, it is altogether possible that if the Anastaplo case came before the Supreme Court today, Chief Justice Warren and Justices Black, Douglas and Brennan would be joined by one or both of the new Justices.

Were that to happen the World War II overseas air force navigator who was elected to both Phi Beta Kappa and the Order of the Coif and who passed the Illinois Bar examination before he was graduated from the University of Chicago Law School would be allowed to practice the profession for which he prepared himself.

How many Anastaplo cases do the people of Illinois want to see written into the record of their state? It is a question that deserves an answer. For this is not the first one. Back in the 1940s, Clyde Wilson Summers of Winchester, Ill., completed a fine record in the University of Illinois College of Law. He applied for admission to the bar and he, like George Anastaplo later, was questioned by a reputedly appropriate committee of practicing lawyers.

In this inquiry into Clyde Summers's "character and fitness" it developed that he held strong religious views against killing his fellow man. He said he would serve his country, as thousands of others had, in noncombatant duty, and so contribute to the national survival.

This Quaker-like conviction caused the Illinois committee to reject Clyde Summers and he also lost in the United States Supreme Court by a 5-to-4 split (Chief Justice Stone and Justices Roberts, Reed, Frankfurther and Jackson versus Justices Black, Douglas, Murphy and Rutledge).

But Clyde Summers knew that the bigotry and prejudice in the Illinois Bar could not characterize the whole

WHERE TO READ THESE CASES

Laymen no less than lawyers will find these cases of intense public and human interest. The citations in the United States Supreme Court Reports are as follows: In re Summers, 325 U.S. 561 (June 11, 1945), and In re Anastaplo, 366 U.S. 82 (April 24, 1961). The opinions, both majority and minority, are worth the time of any American citizen.

of America so he left his native state. He went to the University of Toledo in Ohio and taught law there. Then he had a chance to advance himself to the University of Buffalo and so he went to New York State. There he applied for admission to the bar. In doing so, he provided the New York admission authorities with the full facts about his Illinois case and the rejection of his application.

The New York authorities did not bat an eye at Clyde Summers' religious beliefs. His conviction to uphold the Christian doctrine as fully as he could was a matter of his conscience and not subject either to regulation or even scrutiny by the New York Bar committee. And so New York readily admitted a promising lawyer whom Illinois, in its narrowness, rejected.

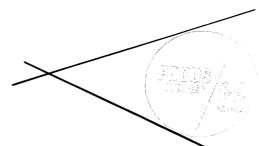
But that does not end the Clyde Summers story. He was appointed to state commission work when Averill Harriman was Governor of New York. His performance was of such a character that he was invited to the Yale law faculty where he has been professor of law since 1956. As a Yale professor in the field of labor legislation he has served both Connecticut and the United States Government in expert advisory and commission capacities.

The Clyde Summers triumph ought to redden a lot of faces in Illinois and faces ought to be made still redder by the case of George Anastaplo. No wonder the late Chief Justice Bristow wrote that he was "ashamed" of what the Illinois Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court had done to a bar applicant so eminently qualified by education, training and character to be a lawver.

Can it be that the deans of the major law schools of Illinois — those at Northwestern University, the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois — are content to allow the Illinois Bar to write still other Summers and Anastaplo cases into the record of Lincoln's state?

Three or four Illinois law deans alone could get together to produce and issue a joint statement that would end this outrageous trespass on the great American Bill of Rights once and for all.

Let the Illinois law deans — and their faculties — show leadership and they will find that Illinois lawyers by the hundreds will rally to their support. So will many lay men and women!



ASSOCIATES OF FOCUS/MIDWEST 7305 PERSHING, ST. LOUIS

Dear Reader:

Will you join us in becoming an Associate of FCCUS/Midwest? We believe, as so aptly stated by the St.Louis Post-Dispatch, that "FOCUS/Midwest is ... a genuine and substantial contribution to the culture of our midland region and, through it, of our country," and moreover that we direly need a magazine which is "...liberal in spirit, concerned with reform and progress, full of ideas, and

During the first seven months of its existence, the magazine has shown an amazing record of accomplishments. It has been heralded locally and nationally, reviewed by most major publications, reprinted by the New York Times, the Post-Dispatch, and other publications, and it has stirred up discussions of consequence among legislators in Missouri, Illinois, and on the national scene as well as among those directing our cultural activities and institutions. But most important, in this brief period it has reached a paid circulation of over 3,000 -- for a publication of quality a very encouraging

While it has been received enthusiastically, while it shows a growth ahead of its projections, it obviously has far to go before it can move on its own volition. That's where we come in. We, the Associates, believe that there is the strength and will to rally to an essential and wholesome function in our society. We are confident that exposure to the magazine will result in a high percentage of subscriptions. Therefore, we want to enable FOCUS/Nidwest to be circulated for a limited time to 20,000 potential subscribers. This requires \$2.50 per gift. To accomplish this task we urge you to become an Associate by filling out and mailing the inserted postal card. You may submit names for recipients, or we will use your gift for carefully selected persons. As an Associate you will be kept informed about the progress

Help us prove that the Midwesterner is devoted to a free press.

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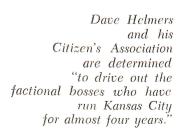
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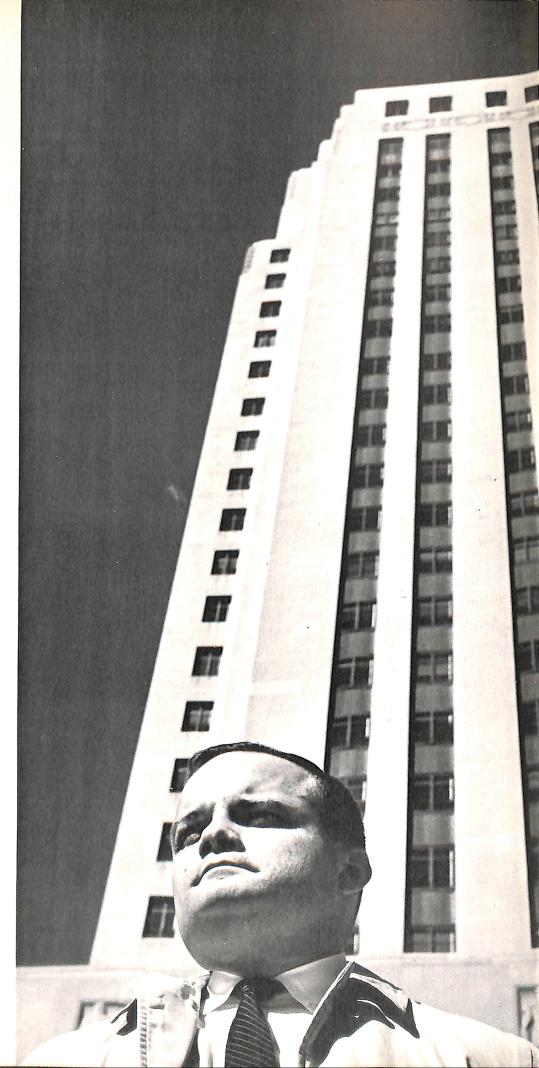
Arno Haack

Chairman, Associates



Mayor Bartle was "shocked"





KANSAS CITY TURNED SOUR/Laurence M. Whyte

The Defeat Of The Citizen's Association Brought Rampant Factionalism, Disruption, And Nine City Managers In Less Than Four Years To Kansas City

No, our city hall is not corrupt, not Pendergast-rotten. But definitely it has turned sour."

That's how one governor of Kansas City's non-partisan Citizens Association describes municipal government today in Missouri's second largest city. What the voters think about it will be shown March 26, 1963, when the mayor and council will be elected

for four-year terms.

But Kansas City's voters can swallow an astonishing dose of political putrefaction. For more than a decade they endured Boss Tom Pendergast's unbenevolent despotism. Gang wars, election day murders, vote frauds, payroll lugs, and \$68 million in stolen, misappropriated or unaccounted for municipal funds earned Kansas City an infamous footnote in United States political history.

Then, on April 2, 1940, housewives and business men revolted at the polls under the clean-up banner of the Charter Party (from which the present Citizen's Association emerged). The reform group installed L.P. Cookingham, a professional city manager, in place of a Pendergast stooge. For 19 years Kansas City existed on a pure, if somewhat bland, diet of municipal competence. City Hall was run as a business. Councilmen elected by the Citizen's Association decided policy and Perry Cookingham implemented it. Neither the charter nor Cookingham permitted councilmen the privilege of patronage. They could discharge their city manager any time, but no department head under him, and no merit-system employee.

After a few years of government by professionals, national notoriety turned into national recognition. The U.S. State Department dispatched German and Japanese city officials to Kansas City after World War II to study its administration. Top university graduates strove for research and budget positions with Cookingham.

Unfortunately, a clean city hall can be a dull one. The lack of imaginative public relations hurt the administration, as did a tinge of professional pride and arrogance on the top floors of the building, and at the last city election, March 3, 1959,

by generally narrow margins (202 votes out of 21,000 in one race), Citizen's-backed councilmen booted out by the electorate. Factional political bosses won the city hall for their candidates. Perry Cookingham quickly resigned before he could be fired (he now is city manager of Fort Worth, Tex.).

What went wrong with the Citizen's

and professional govenment?

A number of reasons can be listed. For one, 19 years of no city patronage failed to eliminate the faction bosses that Pendergast had domineered. They persisted and sometimes prospered with county and state patronage (including the police department, a function of the state rather than the city). Thus the fist of a gangster like that of Charles Binaggio could enclose political power without a finger in city hall.

Secondly, there was an influx of new residents and a new generation of voters without direct memory of the Pendergast era. They were responsive to the factional shibboleth, "Time for a change." Added to this was the Citizens recent espousal of a municipal earnings tax, wrathfully rejected by an overwhelming (four to one) majority of voters in a

special election.

Thirdly, the non-partisan leaders were nervous. Lacking a broad representative base in many parts of the city (among Negroes and other mi-norities, and large segments of the labor movement) they ran scared endorsing councilmanic candidates who in several instances were factionally backed. One candidate, a member of the Citizens, for years had sworn to get Cookingham's scalp. And H. Roe Bartle, the portly mayor, was re-endorsed more for his popularity than prowess. He was not opposed by the factions.

There was possibly another reason latent hostility toward the Kansas City Star, which had supported the

Citizen's group all the way.

A final reason was cited by Charles Fisher, one of the winning faction candidates for the council, a tempestuous rain during the last hour at the polls. He gave public credit in these words: "Every night

I asked the Lord for guidance. When I saw that black cloud and the sheet of rain Tuesday night I knew He had sent it and my prayers were answered!"

Tears of triumphant joy figuratively splashed over factional cheeks. M. C. Gordon, campaign chairman for the Democratic coalition, said the day after election, "Our candidates will do everything humanly possible to follow the people's mandate by repaying them with a glorious and wonderful city to live in . . . we all love Kansas City, our home sweet home.'

Mayor Bartle chose to ignore Star and Citizen's predictions on the baleful moral tone of the new council, graciously stating: "I deem them to be men of honor who will dedicate their efforts to building a strong municipal government in accordance with both the letter and spirit of the charter of Kansas City.'

Despite this confidence, the former Boy Scout executive felt it necessary to declare that if the new council tried to change the merit system, 'they will do so over my dead body.'

The "honor" of the council was as yet untested, but a number of federal authorities had already scrutinized some of their backers. Two examples were ward bosses Alex Presta and

Henry McKissick.

Presta, whose nephew had been elected to the council, was identified previously by a federal grand jury as partner in two organized gambling operations during the Binaggio years. The jurors further stated that one of his "stickmen" also was employed by local Mafia lords Charles Gargotta and Tano Lococo. One of Presta's associates, Nick Civella, was present for the national Mafia conference in Appalachin, New York, in 1957.

Henry McKissick, a political ally of Binaggio until Binaggio was murdered in gangland warfare, had forthright views on the economy of the city. To Senator Kefauver, during the Kefauver hearings in Kansas City, he lamented the police crack-down on gambling and other illegal activities in the wake of the Binaggio-Gargotta murders. "I just think that has killed this town. This town is the deadest town in the country now. Merchants

and everybody else is noticing it."

McKissick added a plug for prostitutes.

"The girls brought a lot of people to this town. This town was built up for that reason, because it was a wide-open town."

McKissick's views didn't prevent a stellar collection of office-holders from attending his retirement party in Kansas City this year. After 43 years of ward work, he was heading for the Arkansas hills. His well-wishers included Councilmen William Royster and Sal Capra (Presta's nephew), two municipal judges, two circuit court judges, the county sheriff, and the governor of Missouri. John Dalton was quoted by the Star as telling McKissick (with possibly unintentional double meaning), "I'm glad I got here to give you a little push."

HE push of events was sudden for the optimistic mayor and misled voters. After Cookingham's resignation, Public Works Director Reed McKinley was named city manager to preside over the dismissals of his associates. The first discharges followed a visit to McKinley's office by three councilmen. He said they told him the men to be fired and their successors, and gave no reasons. Ousted were the directors of personnel and welfare, and the commissioner of buildings. The last post was a merit position and McKinley ironically had recently given this man a score of 97 in a 100-point rating system. Other department heads left or were axed. McKinley himself departed, only the first of nine men to hold the precarious job of managing the city (the council has conceded it cannot attract a regular manager: the position is now filled by an acting manager, a 77-year-old former city attorney).

The lust for patronage the first year reached down to merit positions. Councilmen, according to the Star, ordered simplification of personnel examinations because they were too tough. The official in charge of examinations later resigned, saying his tests were being sent to new faction department heads who were doing the hiring.

The churning of jobs continued through the summer and fall. Finally, a shocked Mayor Bartle made an emergency address to the city via its

three television stations:

"Freshmen councilmen have . . . cut a bold swath through the city hall, brushing aside oft-times the

Charter in joyful indulgence of power and control. Rights vested in certain key positions by the Charter have definitely been ignored. Departmental heads have sometimes become mere errand boys, for the hand of threat and pressure has been lowered upon them, has even silenced them, and cowed them . . . "The grave fact is that the factional boss was not elected by the people, yet his power in our legislative chamber is greater than that of the elected representatives of the people."

There was talk of recall election at the time. But the recently defeated Citizens Association did not feel capable of mounting one. An uneasy verbal truce was arranged, and the Star approved the end of firey debate at

city hall.

Whether Mayor Bartle's public reproof of the factional bosses stiffened the spine of the councilmen is a matter of debate. But later, some bosses complained that city hall showed "a lack of political responsibility." They claimed that the councilmen were not fulfilling the mandate for which elected, but were running wild on their own (i.e. did not take instructions from them).

HE years since have shown inefficiency and ineptitude in municipal affairs, and relatively minor dishonesties have been disclosed. As there has been no absolute power, there has been no absolute corruption. Strangely enough, this has been dangerous. In the complex operation of big municipal government, the theft of a million dollars can hurt less than the mismanagement of \$40 million. The average ward healer or faction boss relative, though he may be as moral as anyone else, does not have the formal training required of modern municipal administrators. This reality occasionally is impressed upon the faction leaders themselves. For example, this October the city reappointed to the job of clerk of the municipal court the same Cookingham man it fired in 1959. Three other men filled the office in the meantime. One resigned after criticism by a nationally-recognized auditing firm. One served temporarily. The third was fired, later charging the administration did not want to collect 150,000 unpaid traffic tickets.

It is difficult for the average taxpayer personally to determine if his city government has deteriorated in space of a few years. His sewers usually operate, water still comes from the water department, and the streets may have more potholes than before, but he cannot be statistically certain. If his area has been recently annexed, he may wonder when street lights will be installed, but he won't wonder much unless muggings or molestations occur. In short, the tax-payer depends more upon public revelation than immediate experience to form an opinion. The revelations for Kansas City have been sporadic, and usually without drama.

For example, the Dutch elm disease has slowly blighted more of the landscape despite bonds voted by the people two years ago. At present, the program to save the elms has practically ceased. Bonds for a new attempt at eradiction of the disease were defeated in the November election, possibly because the voters doubted the ability of the present city administration to effectively administer the money. By coincidence, the American Institute of Park Executives held its annual conference at Kansas City's municipal auditorium this fall. A conference panel concluded that the city's inadequate, misguided fight against the elm disease was a classic example of how not to combat it. Across the street from the auditorium, a chagrined city administration a short time before had detailed employees to apply green paint to leaves on dying trees in the park!

While elms have been disappearing, the taxpayer has noticed the proliferation of plush saloons. Scantily-clad bar girls (one paying her way through college) serve customers in what would be a speak-easy atmosphere except prohibition is over.

C. T. Thatcher, managing director of the Kansas City Crime Commission, reports financial ventures of the hoodlum element into the liquor business have increased. "Let's not kid ourselves," he says, "we can't divorce the North Side political influences from this problem." He also points to continued on page 22

Laurence M. Whyte, a member of the board of governors of the Citizen's Association, covered every formal and informal city council meeting from 1949 to 1954 as newscaster for KCMO. After spending five years in New York as a public relations writer for American Telephone and Telegraph Co., he returned to Kansas City in 1960 as publications editor for the new Kansas City Works of Western Electric Co., an A.T. & T. subsidiary.

THE NEW ST. LOUIS AND THE PHILADELPHIA RENAISSANCE

Charles T. Henry

Ten years ago, downtown Philadelphia was as dirty, noisy, and traffic jammed as any big downtown U.S.A., including St. Louis. Today, Philadelphia is exhibit No. 1 as a successful downtown. Five or ten years from now, can downtown St. Louis emerge as dramatically successful as the "New Philadelphia?"

A renaissance of Philadelphia, and through it perhaps the Delaware River Valley, has been facilitated by the downtown concentration of metropolitan attractions. They are packed within a two-mile radius of Penn Center. These would include the major museums, historical institutions, universities, medical centers, theaters, and convention halls. Unhappily for St. Louis, corresponding facilities are scattered along a nine-mile axis reaching from the River to the Clayton Courthouse. The museums, universities, medical centers, Shaws Gardens, and other great assets are two to seven miles away from downtown.

In Philadelphia people do go downtown. Nearly everybody does. Retail trade is flourishing. For example, major jewelry houses do not bother to have suburban branches. Saks

Fifth Avenue, along with John Wanamaker's Stores, are near City Hall, not in a Chase-Park Plaza area or in a Clayton-like suburb.

I.B.M. believes in downtown. This corporation is about to add a new skyscraper to the long list of recent additions on Pennsylvania Avenue. Even in boomtown New York City, I.B.M. is moving to Long Island.

Residential housing demands are strong. New high rise apartments near Penn Center are charging \$300 to \$600 per month rentals. In the Society Hill area near Independence Hall, small two-story row houses are selling for \$46,000.00.

Commuter patronage is increasing rapidly on weekdays as well as on Sundays. The downtown tax base is expanding residentially and commercially. The sidewalks are jammed with people day and night while the streets are *not* clogged with traffic snarls.

The atrophy of downtown St. Louis, a disagreeable fact which we must face in order to remedy it, is being accelerated by a continued scattering of community attractions. A corresponding spreading out of hotels, restaurants, entertainment and

shopping facilities is following this trend.

The downtown pull has been further weakened by the nightmarish aspects of having to drive through miles of blighted areas to reach the core. St. Louis has not one reasonably scenic downtown route, and only minimum public transportation facilities. (Philadelphia has for decades provided suburbanites and visitors with a beautiful drive from city line to City Hall via Fairmont Park and the Ben Franklin Parkway. The construction of the Schuykill Expressway a few years ago adds another scenic access route from the outskirts to downtown.)

With the opening of the new department store branches in the suburbs a few years ago, the St. Louis County suburban housewife is completely separated from downtown St. Louis. She and her family have no reason for going downtown.

A suggested remedy already in execution is the new stadium project. As in St. Louis, Philadelphia also is considering a new ball park. The debate has been heated, but no one considers placing it very close to Penn Square. Apparently, the Philacontinued on page 23

COMPARISON OF RELATIVE DISTANCES OF MAJOR ATTRACTIONS FROM THE BUSIEST CORNERS OF DOWNTOWN

				111100 110111
	Miles I	From	DOWNTOWN AND	Downtown
DOWNTOWN ATTRACTIONS	Penn C	enter	NOT DOWNTOWN* ATTRACTIONS	Famous-Barr
Philadelphia Art Museum		1.3	St. Louis Art Museum	5.5
Franklin Institute		.6	Oak Knoll Science Museum	7.0
Fels Planetarium		.6	Planetarium	4.5
Historical Society of Pennsylvania		.5	Jefferson Memorial	5.0
6 Other Museums & Galleries	.2 to	1.9	Shaws Gardens & Climatron	5.0
7 Historic Churches	1.1 to	1.6	Old Cathedral	.9
Independence Hall		1.0	Old Courthouse	.6
6 Other Major Historic Public Buildings	1.0 to	1.5	Nothing in prospect	
6 Blocks of Colonial Homes	1.1 to	2.0	Campbell House and Fields House	.7 - 1.2
(Society Hill)			1	
University of Pennsylvania		1.4	Washington University	5.8
Drexel Institute		1.1	St. Louis University	2.0
18 Theaters	.0 to		7 Theaters	.1 to .6
16 Theaters	.0 .0	.0	3 Theaters – Grand Ave.	2.0
			Gaslight Square Entertainment	3.0
Academy of Music		.4	Kiel Auditorium	1.0
Convention Hall		1.9	Arena	5.0
	os (not		pull people away from downtown.	5.0
() Attractions in Itali	cs (HOL	uowiitowii)	han beobie away mon downtown.	

Miles from

FORECAST FOR ILLINOIS COMMUNITIES

Anthony Downs

It is a chilling and sometimes embarrassing experience to witness delegations from small communities vying with each other to capture an industry, a new plant, or an office building of some major corporation. Under the veneer of business smiles lurks desperation. The intensity of competition is growing day by day, and failure often means more years of economic and social depression at home.

Small communities (those over 2,500 persons but outside metropolitan areas) are tiny fragments of the national economy. But in Illinois they contained approximately ten per cent of the state's population in 1960. Yet because of their size, they are at the mercy of basic economic, social, and political trends over which they have practically no control.

It is not a very cheerful task to appraise their prospects. But a clear view is mandatory not only for the communities themselves, but for the larger cities and the state as a whole. Small communities do not live in isolation, and their decline could seriously impair the level of well-being throughout an entire state.

National Trends

The first step is examining the basic national forces influencing the economies of small communities.

The Rural-to-Urban Shift

The shift of population from rural to urban areas which has been going on for at least the last hundred years in the United States has continued strongly during the last ten years. A most important source in this movement is the diminution of the farm sector because of terrific increases in agricultural productivity. From 1945 to 1960, the number of persons employed in agriculture fell from 8,500,000 to 5,700,000, or by 33 percent. In the same period, farm production went up 27 per cent. Population on farms fell from 18 per cent of our total population in 1945 to

11 per cent in 1960, and it will continue to fall.

As a result, the rural areas of Illinois have lost population in recent years. In 1950 they had 1,952,000 people; in 1960 they had 1,940,000. These figures understate the movement away from farms because they do not show the effect of potential natural increase. Taking these into consideration, the rural areas in Illinois exported a great number of persons — at least 330,000 — during the fifties.

A second important factor is the absolute shrinkage in the coal mining sector. The number of persons engaged in coal mining in the United States fell 18 per cent in the four years from 1954 to 1958. This has certainly been reflected in Illinois, particularly in the southern part of the state.

A third major cause has been the flight of whites and nonwhites from the rural South, which actually includes parts of southern Illinois, to the urban North. The nonwhite population of Illinois rose 60 per cent from 1950 to 1960; whereas the white population rose only 13 per cent

Changing Occupation

In recent years, automation has caused a very important shift in occupations. Workers have moved from agriculture, the extraction and processing industries, and manufacturing, to the growing service industries, trade, financial, and office work. The same replacement of men by machines is now happening in factories and in the whole manufacturing sector as has long been happening on farms. This has had significant repercussions on the employment structure of areas heavily based on manufacturing, such as Illinois. From 1953 to 1960, the state lost 10.5 per cent of its manufacturing jobs, causing economic stagnation during this period. In contrast, governments constitute the fastest-expanding part

of the economy, experiencing a 25.2 per cent gain in employment from 1953 to 1960. Although other office jobs are also increasing in our economy, they tend to concentrate in a few neighborhoods in metropolitan cities, placing smaller communities at a disadvantage.

The Relative Decline of the Midwest

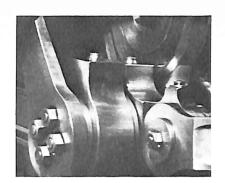
Another national trend influencing Illinois communities is the relative decline of the Midwest as the nation's manufacturing heartland. Formerly, major shippers wanted to concentrate their plants in the Great Lakes area because in terms of shipping costs it was the center of the entire American population. Now populations in other parts of the country have grown large enough to support separate plants. The position of Illinois and the other Great Lakes states as a central location for one-plant operations which serve the entire nation is being eroded by decentralization.

Also operating against the Midwest is the large growth in industry which is not oriented primarily towards minimizing shipping costs or extracting any particular kind of raw material. For example, the electronics industry now grosses about ten billion dollars per year, requiring highincome, technically trained personnel. Since Uncle Sam has not yet invented a way to tax good climate, sunshine, and scenery, if these people can live in a place like California or Denver, they get a nonpecuniary income from the climate or terrain that cannot be taxed. They are willing to accept lower monetary incomes in order to live in these places.

This is especially true now when our society is becoming ever more leisure oriented. A man used to move to a place because a job was offered there; now he moves to a place because it is a nice area to live in and he hopes a job will show up. Amazingly enough, it does show up, because the people who want to lo-









cate highly technical firms want to get where these trained personnel are easy to secure and hold. Unfortunately, this places Illinois at a disadvan-

tage.

The Midwest is gradually losing ground to faster-growing areas. In the United States as a whole, non-agricultural employment went up about eight per cent during that period. In the Great Lakes region, it went up only 1.2 per cent, and in the State of Illinois it went up only two-tenths of one percent. It must be faced, Illinois is a relatively stagnant area. Its citizens should not be misled by population statistics which show a rise of 15.7 per cent from 1950 to 1960 as compared with the national average of 18.5 per cent.

Interstate Highways

The Interstate Highway Program also affects community growth. Plans for interstate highways show eight major routes crisscrossing Illinois with junctions at Bloomington, Effingham, St. Louis, Chicago, Champaign, Mount Vernon, and Rock Island. These highways will make the communities outside of today's metropolitan areas more dependent than ever upon the labor markets and commercial facilities within metropolitan areas. When a man who lives in a small town of 2,500 can drive in an hour to a major shopping center or to a place where he is part of a labor pool with greatly expanded employment opportunities, he will do

It is true that some economic activities will move away from metropolitan areas. Some office work will be decentralized to smaller towns, and some people may move their homes there. The upshot is that the highway program will have a centralizing effect upon economic activity, but perhaps a decentralizing effect upon residence.

The Net Result:
Economic Stagnation
The net result of all these forces

is a very low growth rate among Illinois communities; in fact, many Illinois towns are either standing still or are shrinking. Real Estate Research Corporation did an analysis of Illinois communities in 1960. The results of this analysis are shown in the table below.

Clearly, smaller communities are having a tougher time growing than larger ones, because a larger community can exert more control over the factors that influence its econ-

omy.

Most of the people who are newly entering Illinois are from the rural South, whether they are white or nonwhite, and have relatively low educational levels. In contrast, most of the young people who graduate from our universities and colleges enter the national labor market. Many of them respond to the lure of good climate and fast-growing economic opportunity and immediately rush off to other states. Illinois has always been an "upgrading machine," helping to uplift the people who come into our state and thereby benefiting the rest of the nation.

In many ways, this upgrading process is one of the most important cultural functions the state has.

Future Prospects

The background forces described will continue to have about the same effect on small Illinois towns in the next decade as they had in the past: slow over-all economic growth causing many communities to shrink instead

of growing.

In view of these national trends, do Illinois communities have any real control about their fate? What are

their future prospects?

There are different economic activities that may be carried out by various communities. In fact, each community can be regarded as a bundle of functions mixed in certain proportions. Which functions are carried out depends upon the particular community. Prospects for each major function are as follows:

Raw Materials Extraction

The future for raw materials extraction is miserable. A great deal of the potential decline in employment in the coal mines has already occurred, the resultant decline in purchasing power has left most of the affected communities with substantial excess manpower.

Agricultural Processing

While related to raw materials extraction, its future appears quite a bit better, for America's housewives have become accustomed to having agricultural processing plants do much of their work.

Retail Trade Centers for Rural Areas

The rural population which supports retail trade will continue to shrink, and interstate highways will shift retail business to larger centers. This creates excess capacity in the form of vacant stores and others op-

Community Size in 1960	Number of Communities	1950 to 1960 Population Gain For Group as a Whole	Percentage of Communities in Group Which Lost Population
Under 2,500	500	3.2%	36.7%
2,500 - 5,000	40	10.0%	35.0%
5,000 - 10,000	34	11.3%	26.5%
10,000 - 15,000	12	15.3%	8.3%
15,000 - 20,000	9	18.0%	22.2%
Over 20,000	6	16.8%	.0%

erating on a much lower volume than they really could: all signs of a sick

economy.

The possible development of discount store branches in small communities would knock out marginal retail operators. All factors bode ill for the retail trade function in cities dependent primarily on serving a rural population unless new industry or other new activity can be formed.

Transportation

Most population areas that are supported primarily by transportation are railroad junction points. In recent years, railroads have shrunk relative to truck lines, which has produced excess capacity in railroad transportation centers. As the interstate highway system will continue to shift traffic to trucks on a local and especially a short-haul basis, railroad towns cannot expect any revival.

More efficient work rules may even reduce employment drastically in

some railroad towns.

Education

The outlook for communities that have public universities is outstanding. The three cities that contain the major public universities in Illinois had an average population increase of 39 per cent from 1950 to 1960 as compared to 15.7 per cent for the state as a whole. The future is even more impressive. At least 325,000 more Illinois young people will enter college in the decade starting in than the one ending in 1964. While new schools ought to be in metropolitan areas, where the young people will be, for political reasons this is most unlikely. For a small community, this is the kind of institution to get; it is almost as good as practically any industry.

Government

Government is responsible for the fastest-growing type of employment. From 1953 to 1960, the number of government employees in Illinois alone rose 24 per cent as compared to 0.2 per cent increase for all nonagricultural employment - 120 times as fast as employment in general.

But the prospect for a further increase in government employment is clouded. State and local governments are running into a tax barrier. The State of Michigan was recently almost bankrupt, and Illinois is getting into the same position. Many cities, now hard pressed, are going to get more strapped before the situation gets better because resistance to increased taxation is rising sharply. Already governments are starting to follow the unheard-of-policy of introducing labor-reducing devices. Government has traditionally created jobs for people, not eliminated them, but the squeeze on city finances is reversing this historic function.

Public Institutions

Activities and institutions which small communities can support include mental and veterans' hospitals, state hospitals of all kinds, old age institutions, prisons, reformatories, and other types of public institutions. Except for old age homes, all are evidences of social malady. Unfortunately for society, but fortunately for the economies of the communities in which they are located, these institutions are going to increase in size at least at the same rate as population, and probably faster.

Manufacturing

Almost every community avidly dreams that a small research or light manufacturing institution employing only white-smocked Ph.D's will move into a beautifully-landscaped plant slightly out of sight of the community and contribute mightily to its tax base. Recently, many metropolitanarea suburbs which used to be strictly bedroom towns suddenly woke up to the enormous tax rates they needed to support their educational obligation. They have entered the contest of capturing these "ideal" firms, and offer advantages which most small communities cannot match. However, manufacturers relying on unskilled labor will continue to be attracted by smaller nonmetropolitan towns because workers there get lower rates, are often nonunion, and are generally more amenable to suggestions from employers than those in larger cities.

Heavy manufacturing is the nightmare of every city planner because it introduces noxious odors, unsightly railroads, noisy trucks, and other "evil" influences. Although these industries do contribute to the tax base, they are considered undesirable. Today, heavy manufacturing firms are not expanding very rapidly because many of them already have a lot of excess capacity. Also their operators have gotten wise about local taxes. They are incorporating in their own communities which have almost nobody in them except manufacturing plants; hence they need schools or other services for by property taxes. For example, in one community on the Ohio River, a great many noxious chemical firms

have gone into "outer space" and incorporated themselves. They are smelling up the atmosphere to their hearts' content, and nobody complains.

The key attractions which a community can employ are its labor market and its community attitude, which includes economic and other incentives.

Some Will Survive

We live in a free enterprise system which is supposedly divided into two sectors, the private and the public sector. Theorectically, the private sector is marked by free enterprise and competition; whereas the public sector is marked by planning and cooperation. In reality the most fiercely competitive part of our economy today is in the public sector, because all our communities are competing with each other to capture and to retain resources in terms of population, jobs, and taxable property.

This task is particularly difficult for cities which do not have the natural advantages of climate. Many Illinois communities have real problems because of their poor weather and the dearth of nearby mountains and oceans. While the very survival of some of these communities is at stake, a great many of the factors that determine the outcome are bevond the control of the communities

involved.

Nevertheless, there is a marginal area in which almost every community can influence its environment so as to enhance its attraction for new resources and to retain those resources it already has. As in every form of competition, those men and those communities who pursue their objectives with the greatest zeal and singlemindedness, the greatest perseverance, and the greatest intelligence will survive and flourish.

Anthony Downs is a senior economic analyst, member of the board of directors, and officer of Real Estate Research Corporation, Chicago. He received his Ph. D. in economics from the Stanford University and was formerly on the faculty of the University of Chicago. He has written many articles and reviews, and is the author of "An Economic Theory of De-mocracy." Downs is a member of the Economic Advisory Committee of the (Chicago) Mayor's Committee on Economic and Cultural Development.

TO: State Legislators FROM: Us Back Home

RE: Issues Which Deserve Passage Or Action

ILLINOIS

Tax Reform: Legislation should be passed to avoid further increases in the sales tax, to relieve inequitable tax emphasis upon real property, to eliminate the present deplorable situation with respect to personal property taxes, and to provide a fair, equitable, and graduated income tax — preferably a withholding income tax. (If necessary, constitutional revisions to pass such legislation should be initiated.)

Judicial Statutes: The judicial system will have to be recoded because of the passage of the Blue Ballot. For example, Justices of the Peace or non-lawyers appointed to any judicial post should be dropped. Opponents of court reform will try to obstruct implementing legislation.

Reapportionment: Illinois falls under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, which held that gross disproportion in representation is a violation of federal constitutional rights. Revisions of state legislative districts are required.

Credit Reform: A credit reform law was passed in 1961, after unsuccessful tries in 1957 and 1959. Not included was the abolition of deficiency judgments, which should be passed in 1963.

Migrant Labor: The 1959 General Assembly passed legislation requiring inspection of housing offered to migratory agricultural workers. However, migrant labor does not fall under the Workman's Compensation Act nor is it covered by the minimum wage law, both of which should be passed.

FEP Amendments: The recently passed Fair Employment Practices law should be amended to empower the Commission to commence investigations on its own initiative; to make an unfair employment practice the use of questions on race, religion, or national origin as they appear in employment application forms or in advertising; to reduce current exemptions of employers; to include not only private but also public employers; and to increase the biennial appropriation for the Commission's work.

Open Occupancy: In the 1961 General Assembly open occupancy legislation was voted down on the floor of the House and never reached the Senate. Although the new composition of the Senate makes passage less likely than last year, the need for legislation guaranteeing access to housing regardless of race or religion is becoming more urgent. (Supporters of this move may want to contact the United Citizens' Committee for Freedom of Residence, 28 E. Jackson St., Chicago.)

MISSOURI

Taxes: The Income Tax, rather than sales or other taxes, should bear the principal burden of meeting the growing needs of the state.

Reapportionment: The United States Supreme Court recently held that gross disproportion in representation is a violation of federal constitutional rights. The General Assembly should submit a constitutional amendment providing a more equitable formula for the apportionment of House seats.

Conflict of Interest: Effective legislation should be adopted as recommended by the conflict-of-interest study group appointed by the Missouri Governor.

Public Defender: Today, up to 80 per cent of Missouri's criminal defendants are indigent and given legal counsel by a member of the Bar without compensation. This is an intolerable burden upon the Bar and frequently results in inadequte legal counsel. The creation of an office of public defender is long overdue.

Non-Partisan Court Plan: Enabling legislation for the submission of a non-partisan court plan for all counties should be adopted.

Education: Four-year branches of the University of Missouri should be established in Kansas City and St. Louis.

Mental Health: Passage of enabling legislation to set up three intensive psychiatric treatment hospitals in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Columbia.

Equal Access: Legislation should be passed which will guarantee the right of all citizens to all public accomodations and equal access to housing. The State Commission on Human Rights should be given enforcement powers, added staff, and funds.

Capital Punishment: The irrevocability of an execution and the established impotence of legalized killing as a factor in crime prevention should move the legislature to abolish capital punishment.

Minimum Wages: A minimum wage bill which also covers migrant labor should be adopted.

St. Louis City-County: The powers of the St. Louis County Council should be enlarged. Provisions should be considered to facilitate a closer relationship between St. Louis City and the County.

C. P. SNOW DOMESTICATED?

"With the help of the lecture circuit and colossal publicity, we polish down the abrasive qualities of his thought . . . We divert attention from ideas to the man."

Merle Kling

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT. By C. P. Snow. (Harvard University Press; pp. vi., 88; \$2.50).

It will require an extraordinary act of grace if anyone who should manages to take Sir Charles Snow seriously. For he is in the clutches of the Society-for-Cutting-Intellectuals-Down-to-Size and the Movement for the Trivialization of Knowledge. If they maintain their grip, he will be permanently removed from both the scientific and literary cultures (which he identified in The Two Cultures), and exclusive membership in the kitsch culture will be conferred upon him.

Consider the trend. His novels have become huge sellers. Discussion of the salience of his ideas is shunted aside as audiences are invited to hail the mid-twentieth century Renaissance man: scientist *manque*, creative writer, Fellow of Cambridge, Civil Service Commissioner, director of the English Electric Company, counsellor on educational programs, literary critic, distinguished visitor to Russia and America, husband of Pamela

Hansford Johnson, Knight. His speeches in the United States are reported in the New York Times under headlines usually reserved for cabinet ministers or celebrities for the world of entertainment who have discovered that the time has come from the United States to assert LEADER-SHIP and assume RESPONSIBILITY. Like a venerable statesman, he is invited by the Harvards to deliver the Godkin Lectures (published under the title of Science and Government). The Yales also have flocked to his addresses. His platform performances, with the assistance of audio-visual aids, are repeated over educational TV stations. He has served as Regents Professor of English at the University of California. A political scientist has delivered a paper on The Masters, one of the novels in Snow's Strangers and Brothers sequence, before a session of his professional society-complete with the paraphernalia of social science jargon.1 And Snow himself, apparently in an effort to publicize plans for the establishment of Churchill College at Cambridge, has answered empty questions on a commercial television network.2

In the face of such formidable evidence, can one soberly argue the case for Snow?

At the outset, let us concede that Snow has violated the code of proper conduct for post-World War II intellectuals. He records stabbing insights with utter lucidity in his novels. He suffers from no passion for symbolic obscurantism. He competes with social scientists in attempts to gauge the directions of social change. He advocates public policies without the cumbersome philosophical luggage carried by existentialists to rationalize their "engagements." He blandly acknowledges the inevitable tragedy of death for each individual and then calmly proceeds to accept, without semantic convolutions, the reality of social progress. He is the despair of those who make a cult of despair.

And yet, he has observed clearly, thought deeply, and written, if one may borrow from the Hemingway legacy, truly. Without discarding the values of poise and balance, he has insisted upon the unconscious and rampantly irrational springs of human

behavior, specifically political behavior. Whether probing the motivations of a wealthy Jewish family in England (The Conscience of the Rich), or the vacillations of allegiance among parties to a struggle for academic office (The Masters), or the conflicts among scientists engaged in both "high" and "low" politics (The New Men and The Affair), he regularly touches the earth of individual personality in order to account for critical decisions. As he suggests in The Light and the Dark, Time of Hope and Homecoming, there are severe limits to the capacities of men to forestall the tragic fates which they carry buried well beneath the surface of their personalities. It is no shallow optimism or naive faith in human nature which separates him from the author of Lord of the Flies.3

Moreover, he is fascinated by the process of politics. There has been no dearth of writers who have portrayed officeholders and conveyed social messages in their fiction. What distinguishes Snow is his sustained concern with the motivations and techniques of men who compete for power and influence. In his fictional mill, he grinds—with exceeding fineness, let it be noted-the standard grist of political analysis: leadership, parties, rules of the game, propaganda, campaigning, decision-making. (The Masters, therefore, may be considered as a political science novel rather than as a political novel). Although a forthcoming novel, The Corridors of Power, is supposed to focus this interest directly on the arena of "macrocosmic" or "official" politics, his preoccupation thus far has been mainly with "microcosmic" or "closed" politics. But certain common traits characterize the process of politics at all levels. As he put it in The New Men and repeated in the Godkin Lectures:

These men were fairer, and most of them a great deal abler, than the average: but you heard the same ripples below the words, as when any group of men chose anyone for any job. Put your ear to those meetings and you heard the intricate, labyrinthine and unassuageable rapacity, even in the best of men, of the love of power. If you have heard it once-say, in electing the chairman of a tiny dramatic society, it does not matter where-you have heard it in colleges, in bishoprics, in ministries, in cabinets: men do not alter because the issues they decide are bigger scale.4

In Science and Government, after noting that "there is a great deal in closed politics which is essentially the same in any country and in any system," he offers a taxonomic scheme of closed politics. (By "closed politics" he means "any kind of politics in which there is no appeal to a larger assembly"). For he recognizes three types of closed politics: committee politics (in which there is nominal equality among members with authority to reach decisions), hierarchical politics (in which a formal chain of command is likely to disguise the complexities of organizational decision-making), and court politics (in which there is an attempt "to exert power through a man who possesses a concentration of power. The Lindemann-Churchill relation is the purest example possible of court politics.") In closed politics generally, according to Snow, "personalities and personal relations carry a weight of responsibility which is out of proportion greater than any they carry in open politics."

Finally, Snow links a significant model of social change to his chain of interests in personality and politics. Both in The Two Cultures and Science and Government, he portrays modern industrialized societies (Western or Eastern, Capitalist or Communist) as singularly dependent upon the expertise of the scientist in order to maintain and expand their technological foundations and political power. The "new men" (of science)-less rapidly in the West than in Russiahave replaced the manipulators of words in the "corridors of power," with the consequence that members of the literary and scientific cultures find themselves in a state of tense misunderstanding. Members of the literary culture in particular, having failed to master the minimum fund of technical knowledge required to cope with the world created by science, increasingly are subject to fits of frustration and bewilderment. The scientist is in the ascendant, and narrow adherents to the literary culture, Snow regrets, neither adequately appreciate nor internalize the meaning of this dramatic shift of power.

Underlying Snow's plea for the integration of larger numbers of scientists into the organs of government is the belief that they—uniquely in our time—are blessed with the gift of "foresight." The West is in danger, he claims, because "we are beginning to shrug off our sense of the future." As he explains in Science and Government:

... We are becoming existential societies—and we are living in the same world with future-directed societies. . . . We seem to be flexible, but we haven't any model of the future before us. In the significant sense, we can't change. And to change is what we have to do.

That is why I want scientists active in all the levels of government.

.... It is a clear advantage to the Soviet Union that they have, right at the top of the political and administrative trees, a fairly high proportion of men with scientific or technical training.... I believe scientists have something to give which our kind of existential society is desperately short of: so short of, that it fails to recognize of what it is starved. That is foresight.⁵

An Icelandic saga, he recalls, includes the sentence: "Snorri was the wisest man in Iceland who had not the gift of foresight." It is Snow's wish that we should deserve a better epitaph than: "The wisest men who had not the gift of foresight."

The implications of Snow's conceptual apparatus and his projection of current trends may prove distasteful to many, and, perhaps to some, alarming. After all, if we subscribe to his version of public conflict, politics ceases to be a contest between the virtuous and the vicious, but the inescapable process by which individuals and groups strive to augment their power in a quest for rewards which are in limited supply. If we concede his premises about motivation, participants in political struggles conceal the unconscious sources of their behavior beneath a conventional veneer of rational argument. If we share his conception of social change, then a drastic reorganization of the form and contents of our educational system is in order. And if scientists indeed are destined to occupy a progressively larger proportion of policy-making posts, what

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group in the United States is more eligible for displacement than the members of the Bar?

Since Snow's conclusions carry this heavy freight of threat, we have resorted, I suggest, to an explicable, if not courageous, set of defenses. We have sought to domesticate him. With the help of the lecture circuit and colossal publicity, we polish down the abrasive qualities of his thought. We pretend that he represents merely one more party to an ancient rivalry between humanists and scientists. We divert attention from the ideas to the man. We deflect possible consideration of the "cautions" he in-corporates in Science and Government to a critical preoccupation with the "cautionary story" he relates about the roles of Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell) in shaping major British scientific decisions. We, in fact, become absorbed in a discussion of the details and ancillary features of the cautionary tale: Professor R. V. Jones, writing in The Times (of London),6 questions the propriety of washing the linen of a quarrel between British scientists before an American audience, and Snow solemnly defends himself in a letter to the Editor;7.Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, writting in the New York Times, 8 objects to the relevance of Sir Charles's speculation about the possible Jewish origin of Lindemann's father, and Snow, evidently fearful of charges of anti-Semitic insinuations, again responds in a letter to the Editor and directs the Admiral's attention to The Conscience of the Rich;9 R. Watson-Watt, in the pages of the Saturday Review, 10 challenges Snow's interpretation of the qualities and contributions of the two British scientists, and the debate over the validity of the cautionary tale is continued in a subsequent issue of the magazine.11 Conceivably, these assorted adjustments, not wholly devoid of subtlety, will conjure the world that Snow professes to see out of existence.

But I doubt it.

1. Address by Merle Kling, "C.P. Snow's Image of the Political Process: The Masters," American Political Science Association Convention, 1980.

2. Accent, July 16, 1961.

3. A harrowing novel by William Golding (New York: Coward-McCann, 1955) which depicts, in the form of a parable about children isolated on an island, the ease with which the inhibitions of civilization are abandoned.

4. Science and Government 59.

abandoned.
4. Science and Government 59.
5. Pp. 80-81.
6. April 6, 1961, p. 13, col. 6.
7. April 8, 1961, p. 9, col. 5.
8. April 2, 1961, para. 7 (Book Review),
p. 1.
9. April 23, 1961, para. 7, (Book Review),
p. 44, col. 3.
10. March 4, 1961, p. 49.
11. April 1, 1961, p. 45.

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CENTER OF CHAMBER MUSIC MOVES TO MIDWEST/Sandor Kallai

W HEN Rheta Sosland of Leawood, Kansas, first approached the Mid-America String Quartet with the idea of starting a contest for composers in the Greater Kansas City area, Norman Hollander, founder of the ensemble, said he was having enough trouble keeping his audience in their seats for any music more recent than

"They're not ready for modern music yet," he said. "Give me a few years. I'll call you back.

Seven years later, in 1959, Hollander did call Mrs. Sosland back. As though it had been no time at all, he said, "Now, about that contest . . .

He had been slowly but firmly training his audience. First, he slipped them a little Ravel, then a bit of Villa-Lobos. A few squirmed, but they stayed put. Holding their breath, the group played some Benjamin Britten and, though this was somewhat stronger stuff, it was accepted.

Walter Piston was the next sacrificial offering, and when no cries of anguish arose, the quartet braced itself - and did Bela Bartok.

The audience was ready for it, liked the heady mixture of electric rhythms, brash harmonies and sardonic wit that is Bartok, and demanded more modern music.

The transformation which had turned stubborn musical conservatives into proud radicals while tripling their number was accomplished through informal "Coffee Concerts," with commentary, authoritative and penetrating, but not condescending. Hollander had realized that an annual competition, no matter what the financial lure, can flourish only in a climate of favorable public senti-

Mrs. Sosland, eager as ever, despite the delay, received Hollander's call gleefully and left for the East to disseuss organization plans and arrange for judges.

A committee was formed in Kansas

City to manage the competition. Its first member, Gordon Stevenson, art and music librarian of the Kansas City Public Library, suggested that the contest be national rather than regional, since nothing comparable existed anywhere in the country.

Mrs. Sosland heard the same thing from Douglas Moore, composer and head of the music department at Columbia University in New York, and from Harold Spivacke, music chief of the Library of Congress in Washington. Early in 1960 the First Annual Rheta A. Sosland Chamber Music Award of \$1,000 for an Original Composition for String Quartet was announced, and to say the submissions poured in is the only accurate description.

The entries themselves were ample evidence of how much this competition was needed. Scores arrived which all to obviously had lain in composers' closets for years, in some cases, decades, unperformed and all but forgottend. Many were good, some remarkably fine.

One was excellent.

Walter Sear, previously unknown as a composer, was the first winner, chosen from six finalists whose quartets were played for the judges and a small group of invited guests at the Sosland home, October 16, 1960. The Mid-America Quartet gave Sear's work its world premiere on their December 1 "Coffee Concert" that year. It has since been published, and performed several times publicly elsewhere.

The warm audience response to this frankly 12-tone composition (that is, using a radical technique pioneered by Arnold Schoenberg) was so encouraging, no doubt remained concerning the continuance of the contest. John La Montaine was the second year's winner and his award work has since met with similar success in other places.

N a Saturday night just last month final judging of the third year's crop



of string quartets took place, again at the Sosland home. The 1962 batch showed certain distinguishing features

First of all, the supply of musty old scores sorely in need of daylight, which had constituted such a large part of the first two years' submissions, apparently had been exhausted. New, fresh works began to predominate. Some had completion dates of just days prior to their receipt by Mrs. Sosland.

There was also a noticeable shift away from the Northeast and toward the Midwest and South evident in the postmarks. Of the four finalists, selected after a rigorous series of eliminations, one was from North Carolina, one from Michigan, and two from New York.

For the first time, the competition was open to Canadian composers and six works came from that country. Eighteen women submitted, a record by far, and one of them reached the finals.

The only major hitch in the conduct of the contest was the inability of the principal judge, Darius Milhaud, 70 years old and afflicted with arthritis, to come to Kansas City from his home in California. Before this became clear, Milhaud had already examined many of the more promising scores. It was therefore imperative that he remain in his capacity even though he could not attend.

Though one of the competition's trademarks is that the judging is done on the basis of listening to the music as well as looking at the manuscripts, the situation made it necessary for Milhaud, a towering figure in the scheme of 20th century music, to name the winner without benefit of hearing the work.

The other members of the panel, Valdimir Golschmann, former conductor of the St. Louis Symphony, and Dr. John Pozdro, associate professor of composition at the University of Kansas, were to decide

upon a runner-up who would receive a \$250 award.

The second prize was decided upon mainly because, in the opinion of the Mid-America Quartet members and the Sosland committee, the four finalists were of virtually equal caliber. In this connection, it is well to emphasize that the judging of the work of one man by another, though he be impartial and eminently qualified, cannot absolutely preclude the element of subjective preference, no matter what precautions are taken to eliminate it.

The atmosphere at the Sosland home the night of the judging was, as always, gracious and relaxed. Mrs. Sosland and her husband, Louis, are enthusiastic about their projects, but never ostentatious.

But there was just a hint of expectancy among the small private audience. No one knew what Milhaud's choice, contained in a sealed envelope, was nor the names of any of the finalists. Even the members of the Mid-America knew only the pseudonyms under which the works were submitted.

The ensemble played the four compositions through, demonstrating conclusively how closely matched they were in quality, though varied in concept and style. The judges retired and were told which work Milhaud had selected. It was a quartet by David Richey, 34 years old, of Davidson, North Carolina, a graduate of the Yale School of Music.

Richey's creation is a splendid example of writing for this medium, which has been a thorny problem for even history's supreme composers. The work is couched in warm, mildly modern terms, faintly impressionistic at times. There is an economy of thematic material, which results in one or two periods of over-repetition, but this is to be preferred to the practice of so many young composers who pack their work too full of ideas as if every episode had to introduce some new theme or motive.

A favorite device of Rickey's is to score a melody simultaneously in two voices two octaves apart, a trick often used by Ravel. The over-all effect of the quartet is one of contentment and sincerity, done with rare understanding of the capabilities of the instruments, alone and in combination.

After considerable deliberation, Pozdro and Golschmann returned with a second place decision. Karl Kroeger, head of the music department of the New York Public Library, had submitted a work which the judges considered of great significance. Leaning heavily on contrapuntal techniques, Kroeger had turned out a perfectly idiomatic string quartet, carefully constructed, serious and sometimes moving.

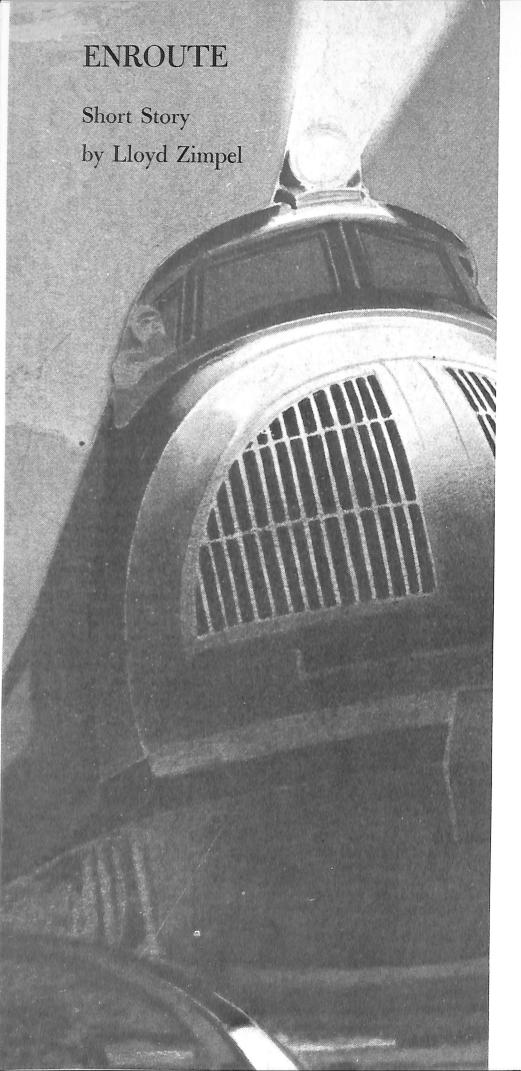
Exquisitely polished though it was, however, this composition was somewhat lacking in spontaneity. Academically superb, it seemed just a trifle stodgy.

THETA Sosland is an asset to her community and to the world of art. She is attempting to correct an imbalance by showing concern for the art creator. She feels that, in music, it is the composer whose work will most affect the future, not the performer, no matter how gifted.

former, no matter how gifted.

The Sosland award committee is already making plans for this year's competition, which is expected to draw the largest number of entries yet, and if trends noted are any indication, they will be of even better quality. In any event, it is to the Midwest that the rest of the world now looks for the latest developments in chamber music.

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L HE store gave me two weeks off in April-no season for a vacation, but as a grossly junior employee I had no choice. How convenient to plead lack of choice all the way around: with little money I could not afford an easily-bearable airplane hop home, and so had only the bus -impossible-or thirty-six slow hours on the train. Those would be dutiful hours, each extracted from me the way the visit home itself was being extracted-by my mother's insistent letters which for months had grown more difficult to dismiss: Had I forgotten how sick Warren was? What a shame I had not seen him for so long-was it really three years? We had always been so close-

When at last I sent word that I would be home for a week, her letter of reply was so full of gratitude that my reluctance shamed me. Yet even as I got onto the train, into the nearly empty and long-uncleaned

coach, I was reluctant still.

Once underway it seemed as if I were traveling away from twenty-odd years of familiarity instead of toward it. The view from the coach only reinforced that disquieting fancy: stretches of somber marsh from which strange, long-necked birds flew up as the train passed; then the dismal outskirts of one small town after another where tin and wooden shacks leaned away from the ocean winds. Here, small children, playing on the packed dirt paths, looked up as if hoping in the sight of our speedy passing to take a lesson in how good fortune was pursued. Perhaps once I could have told them, three years earlier when I'd come this way so satisfied at having escaped the threat of forever being my mother's lieutenant in caring for Warren.

Through the desolate, even-colored country the train moved into a green flatland: we drew toward the mountains now, over bridges full of hollow echoes, and soon climbed through tunnels and snowsheds above the

foothills.

I ate a sparing dinner and from the windows of the dining car watched the world turn black. The pines on the mountains lay against a blueblack sky. The train rose slowly. Scattered patches of snow left blank spots in the forests. One after another my half-dozen fellow passengers turned out their lights. Now I could see deeper into the night, and in the stuffy coach sensed the cold bite of the night beyond the window.

Uncomfortably, I curled up to doze, waking dizzily each time the train

hooted for a crossing or passed through a town where the yellow lights of the railroad yard flashed in my window. Each time it was more difficult to recapture sleep. Through half-closed eyes I watched the passing shapes as the train descended from the mountains and bore easterly through the prairie. Far in the distance the black outline of a mountain range made a saw's edge of the horizon. Telephone poles raced past my window. How had they got there? I asked myself, half-asleep: who had come to put them in this bleak and lonely country?

For a hundred miles there were no stops. The only signs of life were five-house hamlets where track-workers lived. Behind each stark house, back in the desert now lighted by a half-moon, stood the narrow shape of an outhouse and beside it the highlighted shadow of a pickup truck. And not a tree or a bush fenced off the quarters of the living from the expanse of dark waste beyond. In these clusters of shacks no light showed: in each, I supposed, a silent sunburned gandy-dancer, his silent wife and silent children, slept: and at last I slept too.

woke alarmed. The train had stopped. I looked for the lights of the platform outside my window—there was nothing but moonlit desert. Now black shapes urgently moved in the aisle beside me. I drew back.

"Put him here." Suddenly a flashlight swept the aisle and in the edge of its moving beam a group of men lowered their burden to the floor near my seat. The train started gently to move. The four men spoke in lowered voices and then three moved quickly away through the noise of the opened door at the end of the coach. A few reading lights winked on: sleepy, curious whispers drifted up; then silence and the lights went off again. Across the aisle the man with the flashlight, which he'd turned out now, sat on the edge of a seat and seemed to lean into the aisle toward me: he was bending over the shape on the floor.

"How you doing, buddy?" he said, and for an instant switched on his light to catch the nod of a head that showed above an army blanket thrown across a stretcher. I saw the face too—an Indian boy of sixteen or so; and from the pinched-shut eyes and gray lips I took him to be in great pain. In the moment that the light revealed him, the sight of that tight-skinned face of suffering made my loins contract.

Slowly now the train gathered speed, momentum that urged me back into my seat. In the aisle the man again spoke to the boy and rose to his feet, a tall shadow beside me, his flashlight beam casting him in vague silhouette. I made out the rough mackinaw he wore despite the heat of the coach.

"Rest easy, buddy," he said. "I'll fetch you a drink."

"Leave the light here," the boy said softly, then seemed to suck back the breath his words had wasted.

As if he had known all along exactly where I sat, the tall man turned to me: "Hold the light." Wordlessly, I took the small cylinder, warm and moist from the man's palm, and aimed the beam at my feet, away from the boy. At the end of the aisle a rectangle of light appeared as the tall man opened the toilet door. I looked down at the shadowed features of the boy's face. He lay as motionless as if whatever sickness or wound he suffered had claimed him.

Now the man returned, a thick shadow bearing a white triangle, a paper cone of water which he touched to the boy's lips as I shifted the light to aid him.

But the boy lay without stirring. A drop of the water rolled from his gray lips and left a glistening path on his cheek.

"You asked for it," the man said. "Well, if you don't want it—" He handed me the cup and took the flashlight and bent again, his face close to the boy's. "You all right, buddy?" After a moment the boy's eyes opened, black and shadowed by the heavy brows. "Hold out now," the man said. "We'll be to Lawson in an hour."

In the silence that followed his words I leaned toward him and asked: "What happened?" I was sure I spoke quietly, but my voice rose over the rumble of the train, startling me, and the man looked up in surprise.

"Appendix bust, I guess."

From the end of the car a woman, apparently the only other passenger who had not gone back to sleep, came to join us. "Why, the poor boy," she said. "Who is he?"

"I don't know. His old man works for the road, out of that station back there where we stopped." He paused and added: "They told me to stay with him. I'm just the brakeman. I can't help him much."

In my hand the seam of the paper cone began to part and water trickled down my wrist. I stepped over the stretcher and hurried to the toilet to throw the cup away. When I

returned the brakeman had taken off his coat; he folded it across his knees as he took a seat. The woman stood silently, holding to the back of a seat against the wavering of the coach. Each time the boy stirred or moaned the brakeman turned on the flashlight, as if it would show him something he could do to help. Each time the light came on weaker than before—the batteries were running down.

I took my seat. The boy groaned softly, a long low sound that I thought

would never end.

"Maybe ice-packs would help," I said, recalling from the past the treatment my mother had used for Warren's crippled hip.

"There's no ice," said the brake-

man.

"Won't cold water work?" the woman asked.

"I don't know," said the brakeman. "We could try, I guess."

The woman gave me her handkerchief, and folding it together with my own I soaked them at the faucet in the toilet. With this dripping compress in hand I hurried back and bent into the light of the dying flash while the woman pulled back the blanket. She pushed the boy's plaid flannel shirt aside and pulled his pants onto his hip, and I laid the soaked handkerchiefs where I supposed the pain must be. I watched his face for some sign that I was doing right, that I had brought relief in two wet handerchiefs, but his stricken look did not soften. The brakeman pulled the blanket into place.

"I don't know if cold water is going to do it," he said. Yet the three of us stood waiting as if the wet handkerchiefs would surely work their miracle if given time enough.

At last the woman said: "We ought

to wet them again."

I reached under the blanket for the compress. My hand touched the hard skin of the boy's belly—it was fiery and tight. I snatched away the cloth: it, too, was warm; in just those few minutes the boy's flesh had drained it of all coolness. My hand where it had met his belly seemed peculiarly warm, as if it had absorbed some of the deadly fire; and as I again soaked the handkerchiefs I let the water wash my hand too.

This time, while the woman held aside the blanket, I awkwardly dropped the wet cloth into place without

touching the skin.

"I guess there's nothing else we can do," the brakeman said, as if we might all draw comfort from this fact. His light fluttered out: vigorously he shook another moment's wan glow from it; then it went out to stay. "Oh, hell," he said.

But the boy needed no light. He seemed to rest more easily now—perhaps the pain had lessened, perhaps he had grown used to it, perhaps the cold water helped after all. I stretched back in my seat. The woman lingered for another moment and returned to her end of the coach. The brakeman, too, sat down. There was no use in standing a silent watch in the dark.

Now the only light in the coach came from two small yellow bulbs that marked the toilet doors. More like phosphorescent daubs than lights, their glow seemed only to deepen the blackness of the space between them. On the floor the boy and the stretcher were only a dark pile.

I closed my eyes to sleep. But each time I had nearly dozed it seemed that the roar of the train was diminishing, that its steady vibration was lessening, and I came instantly awake, thinking we had stopped to put off the boy. It seemed we were traveling much longer than the hour the brakeman had mentioned. I tried to imagine what this hour meant to the boy: I tried to imagine the scope of his pain. Where did it start? Here, in the pit of the stomach, or here in the tender spot of the side, under the ribs. In the dark I touched my own right side and it was sore. I frowned in alarm. No saying what might yet burst-something was overdue. For I was twenty-five, healthy and whole. the boy on the floor no more than sixteen and already full of pain. Warren had been crippled since birth. The reluctant money orders to my mother every third or fourth payday -had they bought me grace? Now it seemed possible.

I stared into the dark at the shape-

I stared into the dark at the shapeless lump on the floor, and then closed my eyes. It was the only way I had to help the boy shut out the rumble and creak of the train and make the coach a soundless sickroom in which my sympathetic ear would catch each twitch of his sore muscles, each fluttered breath: and by these I would measure the honest mercy in my heart.

But the train went thunderously on. Gradually the black of the desert turned dismally colorless with dawn. And still we had not reached the town and the hospital. Soon it would be light enough for me to stare down into the boy's slate face and dark eyes. Would he stare back? I would change my seat.

From the window I saw the light of the engine as it led the train into a curve: and then beyond the gray-black shape of a butte I saw other distant star-like lights. It was the town the brakeman had promised; and now the train slowed.

Across the aisle the brakeman rose. He seemed to be a shadow merging into the almost-light of dawn or back into the darkness of the night not quite past—I could not tell which. Quickly he moved down the aisle and opened the coach door. Cold air flowed in and I shivered. The train had almost stopped when he returned with a companion.

With a creaking sigh the coach drew up just opposite the platform where overhead lights blended into the morning sky. Watching the train, their breath steaming, were several men in wide-brimmed hats and heavy denim jackets. By the dispatcher's shack an old black ambulance—I thought at first it was a hearse—stood waiting. The brakeman and his companion bent to the stretcher and moved it carefully down the aisle. Three or four faces, startled out of sleep by the silence, peered in bewilderment from around the backs of seats.

I started to rise. It seemed as if some final act was required of me before the boy disappeared forever and I was taken on my way to my mother and Warren. But I sat back in confusion.

From my window I saw the stretcher and its bearers come into sight on the platform. A man in a topcoat came to meet them. He walked beside the stretcher, bent as if to look into the boy's eyes. Past his head, a thin jet of steaming breath rose from the stretcher.

After the boy had disappeared into the ambulance and the door closed—with difficulty, for the latch seemed broken—the men on the platform came together in a close, sober group. Then the tall brakeman and his helper broke away, trotting as the train started to move. It seemed that just the few minutes we had stopped were enough to bring full morning light into the sky. The interior of the coach took on its dreary cast.

Now far out of town, the train moved rapidly through an area where desert turned to plain. Soon we would be in rich grassland and I would be home.

At the far end of the coach the door opened and the cold air and clatter roused me from a miserable half-sleep. The brakeman was returning for his coat.

"How was he?" I asked.

"Hard to say. The doctor said he was in tough shape." He started to go, then paused once more. "He sure looked like a goner to me, poor kid."

As he left I remembered my handkerchief and I thought to call after him for it. At once I realized how silly that would be—of course he did not have it. And what, after all, was a handkerchief? In fatigue and foolishness I counted it my sacrifice to the boy's pain: and my trip home to an anxious mother and crippled brother grew beyond the means of my heart, and became absurd.

KANSAS CITY

continued from page 10

the abrupt decline in suspensions and revocations of liquor licenses under the factional administration (120 in 1957; nine in 1961).

What do voters think? More than a straw in the wind was a special city election last February. Councilman Royster and several factions circulated petitions that resulted in a proposed amendment to the charter. Their plan was to elect all councilmen from separate districts, instead of the past procedure of half from districts and half elected at large by the city. Just how these districts would have been gerrymandered was left unstated.

In a burst of renewed vitality, the Citizens Association whipped out a three-to-one majority against the proposal at the polls — the one type of opposition that bosses respect.

But Citizens Chairman Dale Helmers makes no overly confident claims on what his group will do at the councilmanic election next March. "If we have the candidates, the organization, and the help of all citizens with a conscience, we can win."

In other words, the question is — will a sour instead of a thoroughly corrupt city touch the conscience of its people?





FOR THE CONSUMER

National Labor Relations Board. DECISIONS AND ORDERS

NLRB ordered and Perry Metal Products, Inc. and The Globe Co., Chicago and Pinckneyville, Illinois, agreed to cease discouraging memberships in United Steelworkers by discharging and/or refusing to transfer or reinstate its employees.

Federal Trade Commission

Consent Orders (Respondents' agreement to discontinue challenged practices is for settlement purposes only and does not constitute an admission of a violation of law.)

American Transportation Institute, Inc., 1211 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., is prohibited from using false job-guarantee claims and other misrepresentations to sell its correspondence and residence course in airline training. The company was formerly known as Air Age Institute, Inc.

Mindlin's, Inc., 201 W. 47th St., Kansas City, Mo., has consented to an order prohibiting it from misbranding and falsely invoicing and advertising furs, the FTC announced.

Initial Decision (These are not final and may be reviewed by the Commission.)

An order by a FTC hearing examiner would require L & M International, Inc., doing business as L & M Co., 415 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo., a mail order distributor of household items, home electrical appliances and small tools, to stop making deceptive pricing and savings claims.

Miscellaneous

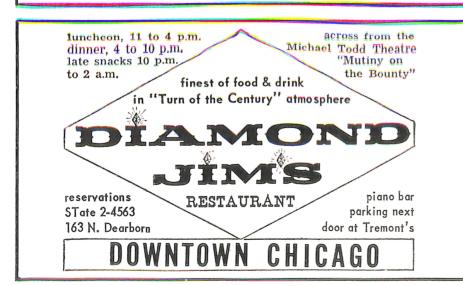
The Greater Kansas City Memorial Society (WI 2-3736 or IE 1-1740) has as its purpose "the promotion . . . (of) dignity and simplicity in funeral rites and memorial services, and to offer guidance to its members in making preliminary arrangements for a funeral or bequest of body for medical research consistent with the religious beliefs of the individual. The Society believes strongly in living memorials. They suggest that funds usually spent on flowers and expensive displays be used in manner appropriate to the life and ideals of the person concerned. It is non-profit and non-sectarian.

W.A.BURGDORF

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THE NEW ST. LOUIS

Continued from page 11

delphia decision-makers believe that the infrequent usage of baseball fields precludes assigning what may be valuable, large and scarce land to this activity. Since the St. Louis stadium project is becoming a reality, efforts might be made to find uses for this downtown structure in addition to athletic events.

In order to follow the success route of Philadelphia, St. Louis will certainly need more downtown cultural, recreational, and institutional facilities that can attract and entertain people the year round, both day and night. These attractions must be unique in the metropolitan area. The Saarinen Arch and riverfront parks may be good starts. The city fathers cannot continue to scatter valuable community facilities for miles around because the land is cheap, as in Forest Park or Tower Grove Park. The currently proposed cultural center may be a case in point.

Other remedies may be found by working harder at resurrecting historic landmarks and encouraging interesting downtown neighborhoods.

Travel to and from the core of St. Louis, and within its borders, must become a more pleasant experience; faster, safer, and easier — whether by private car or by public transportation. Yes, even walking around downtown can be made enjoyable. (Visitors to Philadelphia are provided with guide maps for a variety of central city walking tours.)

The resurrection of downtown St. Louis, while much more difficult than in Philadelphia, can be accomplished. The City will discover that many built-in limitations will impose restrictions upon the revival of downtown. Yet, it can be done if not only the City, but also the surrounding communities will be generous with their human resources and leadership potential in working toward this goal. In their own interest, this should be done.

Charles T. Henry is city manager of University City, Missouri, since January 1, 1959. During the past fourteen years he has worked in public administration as a management consultant with Public Administration Service of Chicago and city manager of Shorewood, Wisconsin. He is a graduate of Princeton University holding B.S.E., E.E., and M.A. degrees.



Excellent Reading On Americana

SHELBY M. CULLOM: PRAIRIE STATE REPUBLICAN, by James W. Neilson. (University of Illinois Press, paper bound \$4.50, clothbound \$5.50, vii, 328 pp.)

THE STATE UNIVERSITIES AND DEMOCRACY, by Allan Nevins. (University of Illinois Press, \$2.95, x, 171 pp.)

Here are two books that appeared most appropriately from the University of Illinois Press in the centennial year of the 1862 Land Grand Act which made possible the development of the great American state university

The first listed is an excellent biography of Illinois' longtime Senator, Shelby Moore Cullom (1829-

1914). Enjoying the sobriquet of "the tall quaking ash of the Sangamon," and also "the man who looked like Lincoln," Cullom left a mark on American life for which the country should still be grateful a half century after his death. For it was Cullom who, despite his Republican regularity, put through the bill that created the Interstate Commerce Commission.

From many standpoints, including particularly that of safety, the railroads were a major business abuse of the 1880s. Cullom led the way for federal regulation through expert commissions and he was condemned by the vested interests which opposed federal controls over transportation.

Illinois kept Cullom in public office for more than 50 years and it is notable that he held the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations longer than any predecessor. Dr. Neilson has produced a worthwhile book in his life story of this important but little remembered Representative, Governor and Senator.

The second title consists of a series of lectures delivered by Pulitzer prize historian and biographer Allan Nevins at the University of Illinois to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the passage of the Morrill Act and its

approval by Lincoln.

Nevins notes properly that the example set by Virginia, Missouri, Michigan, and certain other states would have been followed generally without a Morrill Act. But the Federal Government's authorization of the sale of public lands by the states for educational purposes spurred the process and made the educational development of the '70s, '80s and '90s possible.

The author pays special attention to the services of the state universities to democracy. Our advanced public education, he finds, "widened the gates of opportunity," and made democracy "freer" and "more adapt-

able."

Irving Dilliard

Poets Explain Their Work

POET'S CHOICE, edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland. (The Dial Press, \$6.95.)

The historical division of the artist from society which began in the 19th century and continues in our own time has produced a selfconsciousness in the artist unknown in any other age. The reasons are not far to seek, for a society whose painters and poets and musicians no longer speak for the beliefs and tastes of the majority of its members must necessarily see the withdrawal of those minority figures to positions of relative isolation. And as the scientific and technological spirit has gained dominion over the intelligence of modern man, the artist has become the sole caretaker of the imagination,

THE DUST BOWL YEARS/ William Stafford

We had to see our farm despised, sent after horizons for a job, trembling in a pulse of storm, a dissolved field circling town,

Acres of sky, centuries of airpouring fallow into the wind, fields that were hardly owned at all, disced away, thistle-broomed.

But on that land that was air's-end land, blown out Nebraska-ward or west, begging between the section lines by wheel tracks where our home was banked-

Every night a star swam down. And we will always own that farm.

that faculty through which, in the past, it was believed that truth and beauty were revealed in words and images, stories and musical compositions. Yet we should not think of this century and a half as one of total aesthetic defeat. It has been a period of tremendous activity and of genuine achievement in all the arts. More than this, the artist has, in consequence of his enforced isolation, arrived at a deeper recognition of his peculiar calling, a more sensitive awareness of the conditions of mind and processes of imagination which conclude in the work of art, a more adventurous conception of his artistic possibilities.

This new concern with the sources of his creativity has forced the artist into open discussion and analysis, reflection and debate. Never before has his work, its methods and techniques and ideas, come to be so much a matter of his own public explanation or discussion. Painters answer questionnaires; novelists are asked to discuss the function of the novel in society or are interviewed for journals; poets develop poetic theories and even write poems with

poetry as the subject.

At no other time, then, has the audience been able to look so closely into the operations of the artist's imagination. The exploration of the self to which psychoanalysis and depth psychology are addressed is matched by the introspection of the writer in search of the origins of his work or of the laws of his creative power. The diaries, letters, notebooks, autobiographies, personal essays, and symposia provided by modern artists make up a whole literature on the nature of the artistic process and the character of the art work. The present volume, edited by two poets who are also contributors, belongs to the general category I have just mentioned. The editors asked over a hundred distinguished poets from Canada, Ireland, England, and the United States, ranking in age from Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Graves, through C. Day Lewis, Theodore Roethke, and Robert Lowell, down to some of the youngest, Alan Ginsberg, Thom Gunn, and Ted Hughes, to choose a favorite poem from their own work and to write an accompanying prose note that sets forth the reason for their choice or gives some explanation of the poem. Though the length and value of the prose notes varies, the result is still an unusual and worthy anthology.

What seems to me most appealing

about this book is not so much the novelty of its conception as the plain usefulness such an anthology might have for the intelligent general reader. In the first place, it is not a scholarly book, though I think a scholar or critic may sometime find it helpful to know what Theodore Roethke says about the circumstances behind the composition of his beautiful sequence of love lyrics, "Words for the Wind," or to read John Frederick Nims' views on his remarkable meditative poem, "The Necromancers." But if comments of this sort help the professional student of poetry, they also serve as an aid to the reader of good will who sees the modern poet and his art in forbidding aspect. Perhaps more than anything else, "Poet's Choice" makes it perfectly clear that poets are human beings and that poetry can be very hard work. Many poems are chosen on this basis, but poets are just as apt to select poems that came to them in a flash of inspiration. In either case, one can learn a great deal about poetry by glimpsing it from the author's standpoint.

In addition to the poets' remarks, which range from the abrupt to the revealing, this book offers a large sampling of the rich variety of poetry now being written in English. Happily enough, the loss of a general audience which poetry once enjoyed has not even slightly diminished the number of practicing poets. With its refreshing selection of verse, which avoids the stereotyped choices of standard anthologies, and its full range of commentary, this fine volume may serve to recover some of that lost audience.

Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

BOOKS FOR FOCUS

The following books, selected from those received for review, recommend themselves by virtue of their topical or literary qualities:

Bread and Wine, by Ignazio Silone and translated by Harvey Fergusson (331 pp.; Atheneum; \$5.00). A new version of the modern classic by the Italian novelist who should have won the 1962 Nobel Prize for literature. Silone's revisions are relatively minor, chiefly in the direction of purification. As important a novel as will be published this year in English.

Essays on Politics and Culture, by John Stuart Mill (494 pp.; Doubleday; \$4.95). A surprising book by the 19th century classic liberal, dealing with such issues as mass culture, religion and science, the flaws of democracy. With a well-reasoned introduction by Gertrude Himmelfarb.

Hells and Benefits, by Benjamin De Mott (264 pp.; Basic Books; \$5.50). Novelist, columnist for The American Scholar, critic for Harper's Magazine, and professor of English at Amherst and M.I.T., Mr. De Mott examines the American social, cultural, and political scene in his collected essays. Irreverent, strongly opinionated, and a man who lectures rather than chats, Mr. De Mott argues for common sense, realism, and old-fashioned virtues in a world unlikely to listen to him. A work of intelligence.

Mr. Wilson's War, by John Dos Passos (517 pp.; Doubleday & Co.; \$6.95). The United States - politics, economics, war - from the time of the assassination of McKinley to the defeat of the League of Nations. Mr. Dos Passos's best book since "The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson" and a wholly convincing account of the collapse of American idealism and the destruction of Woodrow Wilson.

Dionysus, collected and edited with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman (309 pp.; McGraw-Hill; \$6.50). A collection of stories about wine and drinking, by such writers as G. B. Stern, Lawrence Durrell, Edgar Allan Poe, Kingsley Amis, Robert Graves, and others. Despite its non-book sound and looks, the collection is a good one; a number of these stories are not readily available anywhere

The Fall of the Republic; Military Revolt in France, by James H. Meisel (309 pp.; University of Michigan Press; \$5.95). The story of Charles De Gaulle's rise to power, and an uncomfortable book to read. Professor Meisel sees De Gaulle as crusadercynic-dictator and the men around him as an uncertain but dangerous pack of military maniacs. The period is, primarily, during the civil war in Algeria.

We Seven, by M. Scott Carpenter; L. Gordon Cooper, Jr.; John H. Glenn, Jr.; Virgil I. Grissom; Walter M. Schirra, Jr.; Alan B. Shepard, Jr.; and Donald K. Slayton (346 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$6.50). The astronauts speak for themselves - more or less and what they tell us is often a testament to their sensibilities. A superior piece of publishing. Illustrated.





MUSIC NOTES

Official bulletins of the Kansas City CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, St. Louis CIVIC MUSIC LEAGUE, and St. Louis NEW MUSIC

The Three Fountains Restaurant in Gaslight Square will be the scene for the next regular concert of the New Music Circle season on Jan. 6 at 3:00 p.m. The featured artist will be St. Louis-born Robert Gartside, tenor, who has spent the last six years studying with Bernac and concertizing out of Paris. His formal St. Louis debut will include a group of songs by the turn-of-the-century, avant-garde American, Charles Ives. several songs by the popular French contemporary, Francois Poulenc, and three songs by John Perkins, young St. Louis composer, who has just been appointed to the University of Chicago faculty.

Massie Johnson and Rich O'Donnell, star tympanists of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, will also perform new works for percussion by John Cage. A piece for flute, cello, and piano by Elliott Carter, Pulitzer Prize winner in 1961, will round out the program.

As an additional note to the December report on the Benefit for the Bicentennial Music Festival, we can report that about one hundred additional members of the community have volunteered to assist in the arrangement for the performance of "The turn of the Screw," which is the only opera event of the winter season in St. Louis.

The New Music Circle, now in its fourth, solvent season, is an independent society dedicated to presenting a forum for the discussion and performance of contemporary music. Managed by a board of thirty young professional people from many different fields, it has supporting members (\$6.00 per season dues) who provide the financial means for the concerts and have special privileges to attend soirees with the composers after each concert.

Elizabeth Gentry

The Conservatory of Music of the University of Kansas City will try to discover and develop talented elementary school children as players of string instruments. The project, estimated to require up to \$10,000, is receiving financial impetus from the annual Bacchus Ball, a social event for the young set, which this year is giving its proceeds to this undertaking.

The fund will provide, either free or at cost, one class and one private lesson a week for 40 to 50 children. Each child will also be enrolled in the fundamentals of musicianship class at the Conservatory, and, later, will participate in an orchestra class and in a string or concert orchestra.

Applicants who otherwise could not afford instructions will be screened through the public schools during the next two years.

Hardin Van Deursen



Drama & Opera News

Official bulletins of the Kansas City LYRIC OPERA, St. Louis AUGUST OPERA FESTIVAL, St. Louis CIVIC OPERA ASSOCIATION, St. Louis GRAND OPERA GUILD, Kansas City CIRCLE THEATRE, University of Kansas City PLAYHOUSE.

The 1962-63 season has seen three refreshing developments on the Kansas City theatre scene. The Circle Theatre emerged with a highly ambitious program to take effect in its unlikely location at the Union Station. Secondly, the Resident Theatre has opened its new and highly attractive Auditorium. Finally, the drama reviews of the Kansas City Star have taken on a new pungency. At the same time, the Fine Arts Calendar offers through Dr. Ronald Reivich, its drama editor, a more detailed and searching critique of current productions than a daily metropolitan newspaper can provide.

These developments have acted on each other. In a guest column in the October issue of Fine Arts Calendar, Giles Fowler of the Star lamented the lack of co-operation between the various local theatres which has continually frustrated the development of theatre as a whole in Kansas City. Shortly after the story appeared the Circle and University of Kansas City Theatres came together on a production of the new French comedy of "The Egg," which ran for nine performances at the Circle.

Last month theatre-goers had a hitherto almost unknown range of choices between a Kansas City University presentation of "Long Day's Journey into Night" and Circle Theatre productions of "The Egg," "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Fantasticks." This is a richer diet than Kansas City has had for a long time.

Michael Newton

Chas. K. Berger

Lester Seasongood

COMMERCIAL INSURORS

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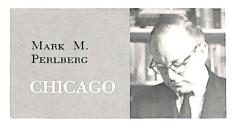
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Johannes Adler Recorders **Neupert Harpsichords** Scores Music by all Publishers







My friend Sam Weinberg would rather go to the ballet than do almost anything. Imagine, therefore, how Sam felt the night he had hamburgers at the Sherman — not with members of the Ruth Page Ballet; not with members of the New York City Ballet — but with several young men and ladies of the Bolshoi! This is how

it happened.

It was a rainy night in October. The curtain had just fallen at Mc-Cormick Place in Chicago on an exceptional entertainment, Ballet School performed - not by the Ruth Page Ballet Company, not by the New York City Center Ballet - but by the Bolshoi. The applause had died away; the audience had filed out of that cave of winds - but not Sam and his wife, Nancy. They remained in their seats for several minutes, so charmed were they by what they had seen, which was a group of Chicago youngsters in an on-stage "ballet class" taught by members of the company. But at last they wandered up the aisle and out into the rain. Sam went off to pick up the car. Nancy remained behind, turning up her coat collar against the weather.

Now it happens that the exit by which the Weinbergs left the theatre is near the stage door. This was perhaps not quite an accident, because Sam and his wife are old stage doorhands. So there stood Nancy, and there stood a man in rain-specked steel-rimmed glasses talking Russian to another man in a blue trench coat and a beret. Nancy recognized the man with the glasses. It was Irving. Who else? In 20 years of ballet and opera going, Sam and Nancy had run into Irving all over town. And, if you think Weinbergs are what Time magazine would call balletomanes you should only know Irving. (Personally, I don't. But Sam tells me that Irving is such a ballet-opera nut that on this evening he had caught two acts of *The Elixir of Love* at the Lyric, and then hopped over to McCormick Place to catch the last part of the Bolshoi's performance.)

A few minutes passed and the parking lot emptied. A bus near the stage door was filling up with young dancers in babushka's and inexpensive trench coats. Sam drove up. Ah, he thought, as he looked out the car window. It's Irving. Who else? Didn't know he spoke Russian. "Say Nancy," Sam said, "let's ask Irving to see if he can get some of the dancers to autograph our program for Louise." Louise is Sam's eight-year-old daughter. "Fine," said Nancy, and she asked, and Irving bounded on and off the bus again before anyone could say, "Swan Lake." (Irving is the kind of man who bounds, Sam said. Sam also reported that sitting alone behind the driver was the lovely American girl who dances with the Bolshoi, Anastasia Stevens. She has bright red hair which she wore piled on top of her head, and is very lovely, and just at the moment seemed very much alone.

"Say," said Irving, wiping the rain from his glasses. "They're going over to the Sherman. You could join them there." The implication was that there Sam and Nancy could get all the autographs and ask all the questions they wanted. But Sam demurred. Irving divined the dilemma in a twinkling. "No Cocktail lounge; no big expenses," he said, "they go to the drug store in the lobby and eat hamburgers. I kid you not."

"Hamburgers I can afford," Sam replied. Let's go." The bus pulled out, and the Weinbergs drove off. They arrived at the Sherman after mid-

night.

Seated at the counter — table service had been discontinued because of the hour — were three young ballerinas. Two were eating hamburgers: the third was trying to order a tunafish sandwich. As Irving helped the young lady with her tunafish, in walked a diminutive man in a dark trenchcoat. "That's Fayde-

yechev," Sam told Nancy. (Friends, Faydeyechev is the company's leading male dancer.) "Couldn't be," Nancy said. "He's too small."

Sam suggested that Nancy take her program up to him, point to his picture and find out. This she somewhat shyly did, and Faydeyechev assured her, as he autographed her program, that he was indeed Fayde-

yechev.

While Irving was introducing our friends to the ballerinas at the counter, another young dancer walked in and ordered a hamburger, "Look Sam," Nancy said in Yiddish, "That one's getting bald already. He combs his hair down on his forehead like Marlon Brando, or somebody." Then she turned to Irving, who was chattering away with the young ladies at the counter, and asked who the young man was. "That's Plisetskaya's brother," Irving said. "Talk to him in Yiddish, he'll understand."

Sam and Nancy, who felt her face redden a bit, settled at the counter with the ballerinas. Through Irving's interpreting, which was sometimes willing and sometimes not, depending on his idea of the merit of the question, the Weinbergs learned that the dancers were married (to an architect, an author, a sculptor), that they had nine years of schooling, that unlike on their tour in 1959, they were free to wander about the city when they weren't dancing, that they spent much of their off-duty hours shopping, buying trinkets, and eating hamburgers.

At about 12:30, the Weinbergs struck up a conversation with another handsome young male dancer, who, hungry from the evening's exertions, like the young ladies, had wandered down from his room for a cheese-burger. An individualist, obviously! (At this point Sam could not help remembering that after a performance of the American Ballet Company, he had seen all the hungry dancers eating steaks.)

With Irving's help, the young man informed the Weinbergs that he had been dancing for five years, that he would probably be able to dance another 20, and then he would retire on a state pension. Sam

wanted to ask about salaries and the amount of pensions and the like, but Irving the interpreter vetoed the question.

Meanwhile, as the rain fell in torrents outside, and Plisetskya's brother was rattling away with two dress salesmen from New York, a busty, blond woman and her teenage daughter walked in. They settled at the counter near Irving and the young male dancer. After a few moments of conversation, Irving, in a moment of Byronic recklessness, asked the young man if the mother or the daughter was more to his taste. Without hesitation, the Russian chose billowy mama. Daughter grew indignant. Then, before anyone could say "Giselle," he was holding mama's hand.

The rain fell; the dancers paid their checks and began to file out of the drugstore. Sam and Nancy invited the three ballerinas to have hamburgers at the Weinbergs' place the next time they were in town. And, Nancy added — she'd be sure to serve borscht.

CAROLYN BENTON
COCKEFAIR
KANSAS CITY



During the past two months Kansas City has been agog about a matter of more than local interest. It concerns the moral responsibility of a Board of Education.

On October 25, the Board of the Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Kansas City, a highly respected school, seeking national accreditation and attempting to get and keep men of high scholarship and intellectual integrity, dismissed Dr. Ralph H. Elliott from its faculty. Dr. Elliott is the author of a recently published book, "The Message of Genesis," in which Dr. Elliott treats the story of Adam and Eve as a symbolical and literary presentation

of A truth, important and in keeping with the best that was thought and known at the time of its origin. No scholar since the Dark Ages has thought the story was ever promulgated as either scientifically factual or historical; all have universally recognized it as a masterful piece of symbolical literature.

The question is how can a Board of an educational institution dedicated to teaching men to be intellectual and moral leaders of their time dismiss a man who was trying to acquaint his students with a distinction between a scientific fact and a fictional truth; between the ethics of Jesus and the ethics of Abraham and David -a distinction unassailable and clearly unknown to the Board. Such action can be damned on the basis of religious liberty and academic freedom, on the basis of separation of religion and dogma, on the basis of intellectual integrity. And how can the action of the Board of the Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary be justified morally? How can young men taught by such men as the Board would retain become religious and moral leaders?

But there is hope for Kansas City: The young banker was soundly defeated for the senatorship; Kansas Citians, men, women, and children, turned out by the dozens to hear from the lips of a distinguished archeologist Dr. George Mylonas of Washington University, about the contributions of ancient Greece to modern America; and there is at least one practising Christian in our midst: Jesus gave only one doctrinal text, "That ye have love one for another." Dr. Elliott also said, "Intellectual doctrines can have a diabolical nature.'

P. S. As Gentle Reader observes the facts of Richard M. Nixon's rise and fall, he wonders at the disciplined restraint of press, radio, and TV. The obituary was pronounced by a comic at the Casino Royal in Washington: "Krushchev lost Cuba and Nixon lost an election. I never dreamed Krushchev would be the better loser."

MARTIN M.
QUIGLEY
ST. LOUIS

There's a lot been going on around town lately, but not much seems to be happening . . . The Playboy Club, designed for virile Americans whose idea of a large evening out is to sneak a peek, happened to open about the same time that Mayor Tucker was receiving from Mrs. Mark C. Steinberg the Jacques Lipschitz' sculpture, La Joie de Vivre, which will decorate the skating rink in Forest Park long after the Playboy Bunnies are rabbit pie . . . They began busting up old buildings to make way for the downtown sports stadium, but not until the Civic Redevelopment Corporation fathers got Jay Landesman to snoop around to mark facades, iron work, paneling, etc., that will be set aside to add a touch of yesterday to the city of tomorrow . . . Advertising geniuses, urging that St. Louis needs an "image" — what the hell is an "image" anyway? — have come up with the solgan: "You're Lucky to Live in St. Louis," (if, as one irreverent huckster added, you don't have bus fare to California). . . . It hurts to lose people like Bill Mauldin, Marsh Clark, Pete Goldman from the newspapers, and Pat Fontaine and Joe Garagiola from broadcasting, and Walter Barker, who has gone else-where to do his delicate abstractions . Anyway, we got Lee Shepherd, Pat's replacement on the weather show, out of it . . . Some politicians on the Board of Aldermen seem more interested in getting control of the Police Department than in helping the Police Department get control of crime . . . Speaking of control, let's hope that the Cardinals can come up with a relief pitcher who can get the ball over . . . with something on it . . . While their fixed editorial page cannon continue to thunder in opposite directions and splendidly oblivious of one another, the city desks of the Post-Dispatch (Sellwyn Pepper) and the Globe-Democrat (George Killenberg) are fighting it out, story by story, item by item, with energy and zeal that makes an old newspaperman's blood

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